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1927



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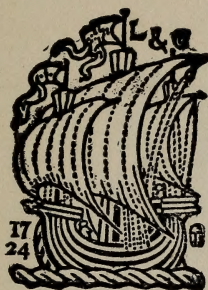


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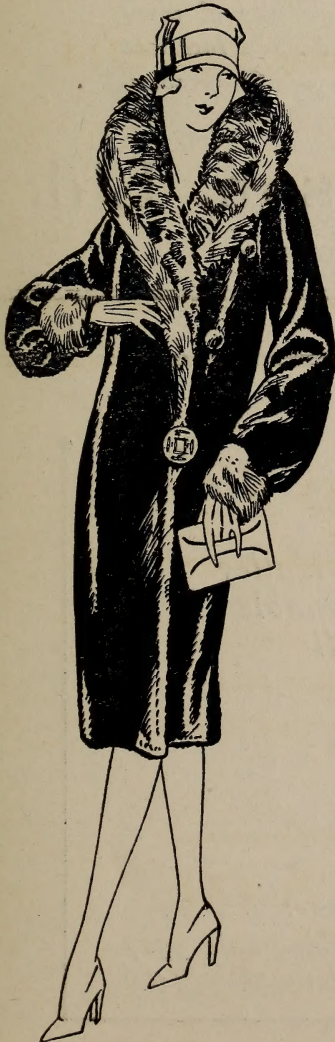
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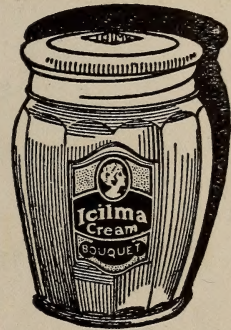
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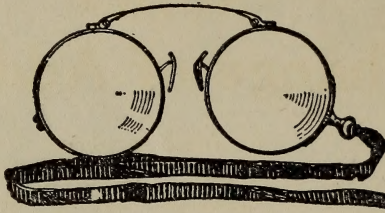
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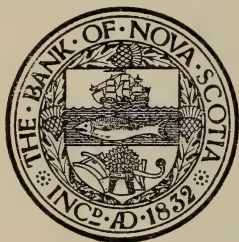
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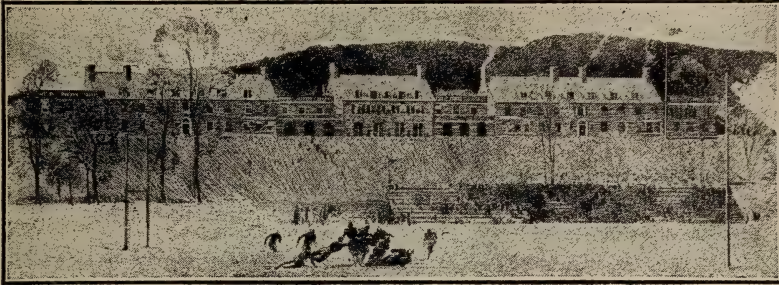
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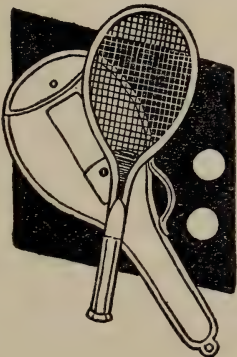
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THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN



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MISS READ



HE question whether or not sports are worthy of the place they hold in the life of a boy or girl at school or at the university is a question which a great many people are asking themselves to-day.

unable to play games, but at school there are practically none. Every school is, or should be, equipped with the requirements for games, and enough time allotted each pupil to make it possible for them to partake in games.

Sports are becoming more and more highly specialized, so highly, in fact, that they often take on the appearance of a business. This should not happen—they should be essentially a relaxation from the more serious pursuits of life—but a very necessary relaxation, especially to those engaged in business or study.

The saying that one hasn't time is a poor excuse. The lessons instilled by co-operation, team-play, quick thinking and a keen school spirit which rarely come until one is proficient at a game will amply repay the time spent.

It is a fact discovered by the early Spartans that strength, endurance and perfect bodies can be obtained only by partaking in out-door sports; yet, in spite of this, even in schools, a large number of students do not participate in the games and in later life the proportion is much larger.

To those who specialize in one sport only I would say that from each game one obtains different advantages, one game supplying what another lacks. Therefore, let us all partake in sports as much as we are able without letting it interfere with our business or studies and try to become good sports in both senses of the word.

There are many reasons why, after leaving school, a girl or a boy might be

SHEILA LEE,

Form V.





F all the widely-varied factors of the great field of sport, swimming is undoubtedly one of the most popular and most beneficial. From time immemorial water has had an irresistible appeal for man and he has devised various ways and means of surmounting the waves. One of his first methods was, doubtless, to swim, and down through the ages, the aquatic art has developed, until to-day it is one of the most scientific and beneficial of all exercises for the development and stimulation of mind and body.

Until the past year, swimming has had, of necessity, little or no place in the athletic curriculum of Branksome. What swimming we did, had to be done outside of the school and naturally, therefore, could not be considered as a portion of the actual school life. Accordingly, we all hoped and dreamed that sometime, in the dim future, Branksome might boast of a pool of her own and that swimming might take its proper place among the athletic accomplishments of the school.

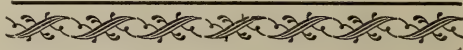
The pool, which is situated beneath the gymnasium at the west end of the school building, was begun last May and completed and opened on October 4, 1926. Sixty feet long and 30 feet wide, it is said to be the largest tank in any girls' private school in Canada. At the deep end of the tank is a splendid diving board, while the opposite end is quite shallow enough to safely accommodate those who do not swim. Although there are dressing-rooms and beautifully equipped shower-rooms at the north end, still the natatorium has ample room along the sides and ends of the pool itself to seat the audiences for any events which may be held there.

During the fall term, we had several aquatic meets into which the girls entered with the enthusiastic sporting spirit which is ever typical of the school. Re-

lay races between the boarders from the three houses and the day girls roused friendly competition, while various exhibitions of swimming and diving demonstrated the aquatic skill of the participants. Outside of the ordinary plunge periods, weekly classes in swimming, diving and life-saving are held under the excellent supervision of Miss Barker and Miss MacLennan, that we may become more proficient ourselves and render more safe the lives of others.

At the close of the very successful first year of this new addition to the athletic curriculum of Branksome, we are even more deeply appreciative of its advantages than we were at the opening of school and we feel sure that this sport will gain in popularity and importance each succeeding year.

CATHERINE McBURNEY.



A Fairy Ship

Riding on the sparkling, dancing waves I
see

A golden, shining thing that seems to be
A fairy galleon, all brave with many a
silken sail,

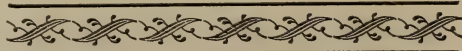
A lovely meteor that leaves behind no
visible trail.

Thus musing, I prayed that I might seek
Ever those things that aren't futile and
weak,

But look beneath the dross to find the
gold

Of the spirit, that yields return of a
wealth untold.

E. MAGEE,
Form III.





A Legend of Mount Fuji

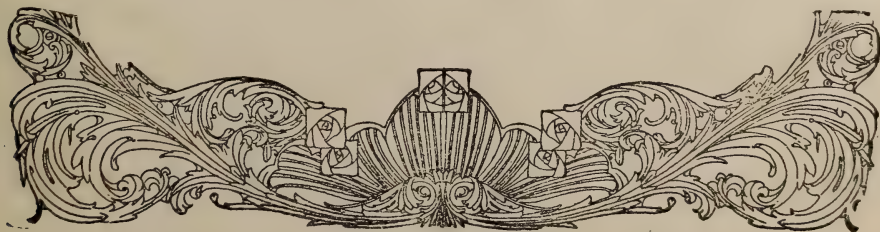


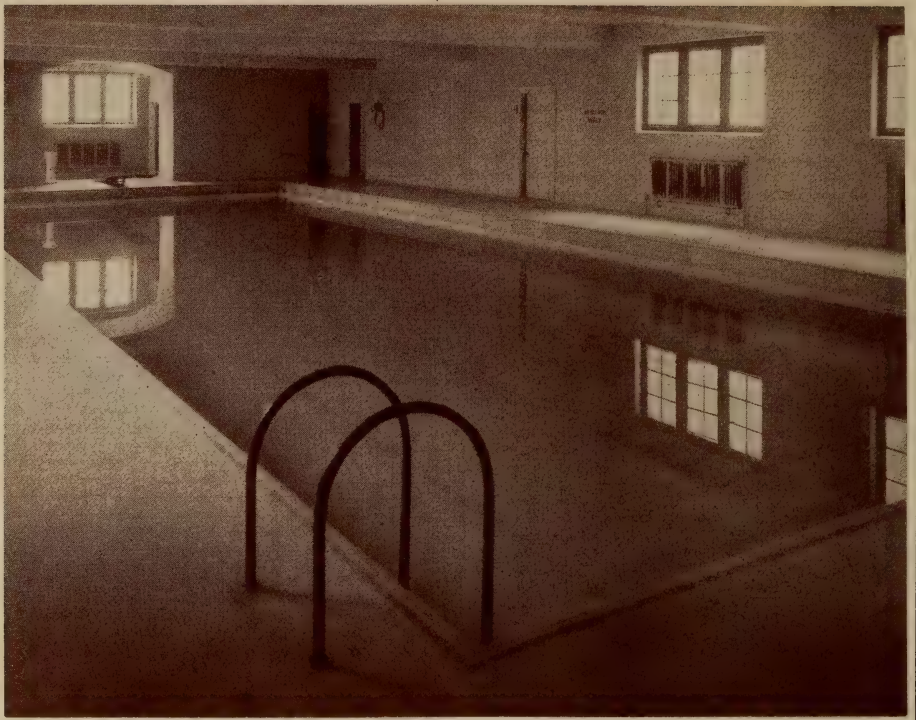
MOUNT FUJI, or Fuji-yama ("The Never-dying Mountain"), seems to be typically Japanese. Its great snow-capped cone resembles a huge inverted fan, the fine streaks down the sides giving the appearance of fan-ribs. It has been fittingly described: "Fuji dominates life by its silent beauty; sorrow is hushed, longing quieted, peace seems to flow down from that changeless home of peace, the peak of the white lotus." The reference here to a white lotus is as appropriate as that of a fan, for it refers to the sacred flower of Buddha, and its eight points symbolize the eight intelligences of Perception, Purpose, Speech, Conduct, Living, Mindfulness and Contemplation. The general effect is one of religion, and on the other, a fan vast enough and fair enough to coquette with the stars and soft moving clouds.

It is not then surprising to find that legends have grown round the venerable and venerated mountain. Like so many mountains in eastern countries, it is associated with the Elixir of Life.

The fame of Fuji, so an old legend tells us, reached the ears of the Emperor of China and he conjectured that Mount Fuji must yield the Elixir of Life itself. He accordingly collected his retainers and set sail for the Land of the Rising Sun. The junks rushed before the roaring winds like a shower of gold petals, but eventually the storm abated, and the Emperor and his people saw the white splendor of Fuji rise before them. Hour after hour the procession climbed, the golden robed Emperor ever walking in advance, until the sound of the sea was lost, and the thousand feet trod softly on the snow, where there was peace and life eternal. Nearing the journey's end, the old Emperor ran forward, for he wanted to be the first to drink the Elixir of Life. And he was the first to taste of that life which never grows old; but, when his company found him, he was lying on his back with a smile upon his face. He had indeed found life eternal . . . but it was through the way of death.

MOMIJI UBUKATA.





THE SWIMMING POOL.

Spring

Sunshine and blue sky and buds on the
trees,

The odor of daffodils scenting the
breeze,

Grass soft and green springing out of the
mould,

Crocuses peeping up, purple and gold;

Robin's song, bluebird's wings,

Little, green, growing things;

Brooks running full and fast over the
stone.

Violet sky, and gay

Lilacs are on the spray;

All the world's singing, for Winter has
gone.

Squirrels are chattering 'mongst the green
leaves,

Swallows are building a nest 'neath the
eaves;

Little white clouds in the blue azure sky,
Crows in the pine tree tops plaintively
cry.

Fairy folk in the glen,

Robin Hood, merry men,

Through the green forest their gay
voices ring;

Peter Pan's here once more,

Dear folks of fairy lore—

All the world's singing—again it is
Spring.

M. HOPKINSON,
Form IV.

“Jane”

Part I.

Generally speaking, a handkerchief is not considered one of the most important or interesting articles of apparel. Of course, it is decidedly useful, but one would not attach much thought to so very prosaic an object. At least, this was the attitude which Robin Andrews held towards the subject; and he ought to know.

Being six foot two inches, and having a body like a young god with face to match, Robin felt that he *did* know, rather a lot. His eyes were clear grey, and his hair had an inclination to kink a little, much to his daily annoyance. Incidentally he played polo rather well, rode like an Arab, and was amateur tennis champion of “Greyfriars.”

At present he was staying at his club in London, having motored up from Greyfriars for the polo matches.

On the afternoon of the twelfth of June his Herculean body might have been seen slowly ambling down the Strand.

Suddenly his eyes focused on a small white object lying by the side of the street. On examination, it proved to be a small, lace affair, which he guessed to be a handkerchief. It was exquisitely fine and in one corner the name “Jane” was delicately embroidered in charming lettering. His heart quickened—“Jane” had always been his favourite name. The dainty creation smelt faintly of orange blossoms. The young man’s pulses throbbed. He was ridiculously romantic.

So small and dainty an affair must surely belong to some ravishingly lovely creature, he thought. Would she be dark or fair? He did not know—he rather hoped she would be a blonde. He had always admired fair curly hair.

“Jane” sounded like a brunette though. Her eyes would be brown, of course. A “Jane” always had dark brown eyes . . .

At this point in his soliloquy he bumped into an elderly lady who was hurrying in the opposite direction.

He laid the handkerchief tenderly in his vest pocket, next his heart. He *must* find the right “Jane”—he must, he *must*! She was *sure* to be perfect—a “Jane” always was—

Part II.

That night he was going to a dinner party—fool things, dinner parties—why had he promised to go anyway? But he *might* meet Jane. He grew slightly nervous at the thought.

Eight o’clock found an immaculate Robin, cordially shaking hands with his host and hostess.

“Robin, dear,” Lady Nanton was saying, “this is my niece, Jane Langmuir—Mr. Robin Andrews.”

“How-d-d-do you do?” he stammered, almost forgetting to bow.

The girl’s eyebrows elevated—oh—just such a tiny bit—but Robin didn’t notice that—Jane!—a *Jane* with green eyes and black hair! It was unthinkable! Surely there was a mistake somewhere! He couldn’t believe his senses—

In a daze he found himself at the dinner table beside her. He glanced at her sideways—she wasn’t bad looking—but, green eyes! Horrible!

“Oh, Mr. Andrews, I believe you know my—”

“Good heavens! The girl had an awful twang. Surely she would never use such a handkerchief; but it might be—

Slowly he produced it and spread it on his knee.

"I beg your pardon, Miss—er, but I wondered if you lost a handkerchief like this—I—"

He waited, scarcely daring to breathe. Then he heard her speaking in her nasal tones—

"Why, no, Mr. Andrews—what an extraordinary question—I never use lace handkerchiefs."

Ah-h! He was saved! With a sigh of relief he replaced the handkerchief and started to eat an appetizing chicken salad—it was very good.

Part III.

Two days later Robin found himself balancing a teacup in one hand and a small cake in the other, at the same time making polite conversation with the Duchess of something or other. He breathed heavily—he loathed garden fetes.

"Oh, there you are, Bobbie"—a silvery voice sang out—"We want you to come and help in the relay races—they're beginning now. You will have to let him go, Duchess, dear."

Whew! What a relief! Robin hurried across the lawn and was greeted with shouts of laughter from the gay group gathered about the "drinks" booth.

"Atta boy, Andy! Doing his stuff like a gentleman. Come on and roll eggs with your nose—it's great fun!"

Robin was propelled towards the race-tracks—but—

"Robin, wait a minute—I want to introduce—Jane, dear, this is Mr. Robin Andrews—Miss Jane Dawson."

The world spun dizzily about poor Robin—blue eyes—fair curly hair—this was more like it

Gosh—she's a ripper! This must be the right one!

"Won't you come and have a lemonade?" he said coaxingly. No one could resist Robin when he looked like that; certainly this girl couldn't.

"O' oh—I'd love to—Mithter Andrews—its tho hot—ithn't it?"

Robins' heart sank at least two feet. The baby-doll type—he knew them—the clinging vine—this was worse than the last—but—oh, well—

"I wonder if you lost a little handkerchief like this last week? I picked it up and it had 'Jane' on it—I thought—"

"Ithn't it thweet! No-o-o—I didn't loothe it—Don't you juth love lathe hankies?"

"Yes," said Robin.

Part IV.

Next week—at night—the moon—sound of jazz, throbbing through the garden—cigarette smoke—balloons—and Robin.

The dance was nearly over—but for Robin it was just going to begin. His hostess was speaking—

"Why, Robin, I don't believe you met Jane, did you? Jane, my dear—Mr. Robin Andrews—Miss Jane Webster."

The girl looked up at him and smiled. What a smile! Her eyes were a dark mysterious blue and her hair was tawny with golden lights in it—a faint smell of orange blossom reached his nostrils. Robin's heart beat faster and faster. Jane! The Jane! Oh—

"May I have this dance?" he asked huskily.

They sat out in the garden on a rackety bench. The handkerchief was produced.

"Why, where did you find that?" asked the girl. Her voice was low and thrilling.

"Is it yours?" Robin questioned rapturously.

"Why, yes—I lost it last week—in London, I think."

"Then you are the right one," he whispered.

"I've been looking for you everywhere."

M. BOYD,

III. A.



The League of Nations



THE League of Nations is one of the most important movements in the world to-day. It is made up of a society of representatives from the different nations for the prevention of war and for finding some peaceful method of settling international disputes.

After the disastrous effects of the Great War, something had to be done for the prevention of another such war in the future. At the meeting of the Peace Conference in Paris, President Wilson suggested the forming of a League of Nations. At Versailles, at the signing of the peace treaty, thirty-two nations signed the Covenant known as the League of Nations.

They agreed among other things to establish at The Hague, a permanent court, with great judges, from many different countries, to fudge fairly any disputes which might arise between the nations.

Another very important promise made by the countries was that they would register at Geneva all treaties with one another and not have any secret treaties. This removes a great cause of distrust between nations.

In addition to this another important article of the Covenant deals with the treatment of the colonies taken away from Germany by the Allies. Each colony was placed under the care or mandate of some country, who must undertake to rule the colony for the good of the people living there, and not for gain. Each year the governing country has to submit to the League a report of how it

is caring for its colony. No slavery or military training is allowed.

Besides this, it has been agreed by the members of the League to aim to secure fair and humane conditions of labor for men, women and children in the various countries where they carry on trade.

Another department of the League is that of the Health Committee, whose business is to enquire into the causes and cures of certain diseases.

It is arranging for doctors to travel to all parts of the world to study conditions in the various lands, with the purpose of collecting information concerning diseases and of deciding upon the best way to prevent the spreading of such epidemics as typhus fever, plague, influenza, etc.

The League also has taken steps to control the opium traffic in different parts of the world.

After the Great War, Europe and parts of Asia were in a terrible state. Our own prisoners were returned home, but from the European countries a great many men were in camps in Siberia. Now from these camps, though no longer prison camps, the men had no way of getting home. They were living under the most dreadful conditions, without proper clothing, food or medical attention. Hundreds died from infectious diseases, cold and starvation. This state of affairs was brought to the notice of the League. The great Norwegian Arctic explorer, Dr. Nansen, was asked to undertake the rehabilitation of the refugees.

Appeals were made to all the nations for help. Dr. Nansen persuaded the different countries to let the men pass through their lands; he chartered ships and arranged for special trains. In connection with this, the work of Dr. Nansen was very wonderful. He acted as High Commissioner for the League in the help given, settling and finding work for about a million Russians, who fled from their country at the time of the revolution. Dr. Nansen, helped by Americans, has also worked to secure the settlement of Greek refugees who fled to Asia Minor during their struggle with the Turks, in new homes in Greece.

Among other activities of the League might be mentioned the reduction and limitation of armaments, the securing of freedom of transit for commerce of all states in the League, the government of the Saar valley and the free city of Danzig, and the protection of racial and religious minorities in a number of European countries.

Switzerland was chosen as the meeting place of the League because of its neutrality during the Great War. The city of

Geneva, so closely connected with the Reformation in the sixteenth century, became the home of the League.

The main organs of the League are: The Assembly, consisting of three delegates from each of the states represented, which meets annually in September; the Council, consisting of one delegate from each of the fourteen different states, Britain, Germany, France, Italy and Japan being permanently represented. The other nine states are elected from time to time by the Assembly. This body meets three or four times a year. Besides these, there is the Secretariat, the international civil service by which the League is served, and the International Labor Organization.

You have heard how the League came into being, what it stands for and its hopes for the future. It can only continue to succeed in its aims and ideas if everyone takes an interest in what it is trying to do. It can only act in the right manner if the spirit of the people is behind it.

HENRIETTA OWEN,

III. B.





SLOGAN STAFF

The Twilight Hour

Thy beauty is a joy to all
 Who love the sunset glow,
 That evening quiet enchants the land,
 And peace reigns here below.
 The clouds above serenely float,
 Like fairy ships they glide,
 Above they dreamily sail away
 All pink, with eventide.
 The evening birds are singing songs,
 As dusk falls on the land;
 The world is quiet with peacefulness,
 For rest is now at hand.

The flaming sky behind the wood
 Strange shadows cast, as if a magic
 lamp
 Shot its glory through the sombre trees,
 Dark and still, as sentinels at camp.
 The herds and flocks are wandering
 home,
 As the setting sun sinks o'er
 Yon distant hill of purple hue,
 And night has come once more.

V. J. GOULDING,
 Form III.

The Tale of Alza

The wind had risen from a mournful sigh to a whirling madness, driving leaves, twigs and stones before it, cracking the branches of the trees, shrieking wildly through the forest; forked lightning cut the sky into fragments of blackness, while, from the mountain-top, Jove hurled his thunder-bolts until it seemed that these fragments of the heavens must come crashing to the earth. At last the rain came, falling in a raging torrent, washing the leaves from the trees, drowning any animal which had not sought shelter in time. It was a night in which the evil spirits held sway, howling and laughing like maniacs in the darkness, and striking terror to the heart of an unfortunate mortal, caught in the bosom of the storm.

It was a boy, struggling vainly against the force of the wind and rain, until he was driven, as though by the hand of Providence, against a log-cabin. Numb from the cold, wet, and weak from hunger he staggered to the door and fell, in an exhausted heap, on the cabin floor.

When he had somewhat recovered his senses, he saw a fire burning on the hearth and an old hag bent over him, muttering strange incantations to herself. She might have been a thousand years old, and indeed her face was lined with a thousand wrinkles; her eyes were black and burned like live coals, her nose was like the beak of a hawk, and what teeth she had were yellow and decayed; her hair was gray and matted with dirt, and she was bent almost double with age, one bony hand clutching a twisted stick.

"My name is Alza," she hissed, "ten hundred years have passed before my eyes, but always I tell the same tale . . . always . . . always" And sitting on a three-legged stool, the ghostly light of the fire casting weird shadows on her face, she began—

"Centuries ago, when Romance and Chivalry walked together throughout the land, a huge, gloomy castle stood on one of the foot-hills of yonder mountain, which guarded the village huddling at its feet as a hen guards her brood. The castle was built around a square court in the middle of which was a well, running, it was said, straight through the centre of the earth, for nothing thrown into it had ever been heard to strike bottom."

"The king had no children of his own, but a beautiful young niece of his, with bronze-gold locks and blue eyes, lived at the castle, and when she had taken a noble and wealthy husband, he intended to name them as his successors."

"But who can tell at which port the ship of love will anchor?"

"There were, in the king's guard, two handsome knights, Alfred and Arthur, brothers, of low birth. Alfred was dark and Arthur fair, and each had the stature of a viking."

"Alfred and the princess were in love, each living in constant dread of the day when the king would choose a husband for his beautiful niece. They met secretly by night in the deserted court-yard, as all the guards were stationed on the outside of the castle. Here they would compare the depth of their love for each other to the depth of the well, until finally the king made his choice."

"It was the night of their last meeting, the next day the princess was to be wed and the knight was going to leave the king's guard and ride through the land, fighting evil and relieving all whom he found in distress, until he would meet his death, bravely, in conquest. It was a sad sweet farewell, but alas! fate was more cruel than either had thought.

"A page, seeing a shadow move on the court, aroused the king. He, with two knights from the guard, strode into

the court-yard. Great was his wrath upon discovering his niece in the embrace of a humble knight. He ordered Alfred to be beheaded at dawn, and his body thrown to the dogs, while his head was to grace the wedding feast as a gruesome reminder to the princess.

"The king's orders were executed, and when Arthur heard of his brother's cruel death, he was overcome with rage and grief, and in his heart he planned a terrible revenge."

"That night when the courtiers were drinking and carousing in the great hall in celebration of the royal wedding, Arthur appeared before the king and told him that the princess had been found murdered out in the court. The drunken king staggered after Arthur to find the princess pierced through the heart with Arthur's sword. With a yell of rage he turned upon the knight; but Arthur sprang at him, pressing his thumbs into

the king's throat, and slowly bending him back over the edge of that awful chasm of death—the well! Slowly—slowly the body of the king went back into the well. It fell at last. Screaming with half mad glee, Arthur jumped on the edge of the well and plunged after his enemy down down down"

* * * * *

The boy groped his way to the door and opened it. Over in the east the sun was rising, a flaming ball, tinging the tiny fleecy clouds with a rosy glow, and turning the drops of water hanging from the leaves to sparkling jewels; a bird called to its mate, and a few yards away a rabbit hopped into a thicket. Once more Mother Nature smiled upon the world—the spell of the evil spirits was broken!

EDITH MERRILL,
IV. A.

The Desert

Golden and brown were the sands of the desert,

Red and golden and brown,
The sun was golden and azure the heavens;
To Beth-Arad went I down.

Ivory like milk, and the gold of the mountains,
Silk and jewels and wine,
Daggers of silver and slippers of velvet,
Such a cargo was mine.

Merchants in robes of yellow and crimson,
Ears pierced with golden rings,
Eyes as old as the purple mountains,
Bought all my beautiful things.

* * *

Grey and black were the sands of the desert,

Leadен the angry sky,
Groaning the wind and choking the sand came;
So young I was to die.

Awful the storm, and the sand was blinding,
Came death in a terrible way;
Smiling the morn and the sun shone brightly,
Alone on the sands I lay.

So lie I dead on the sands of the desert,
Happy at length with my lot;
There's beauty of sun and of wind and of heavens,
Far more than the treasures I'd bought.

LOIS TEDMAN,
Form IV.

Theme and Variations

Theme.

The villain leaned against a tree. He saw the heroine approaching. As she passed him he seized her and tried to embrace her. The hero saw what had happened, knocked the villain down and escaped with the heroine.

(*As Shakespeare Would Put It*)
With apologies

Scene: A Forest Glade.

(Enter Villain)

Villain: I'll wait me here, beneath this aged oak;
For here it is, I saw my lady first;
She heeded not my pleading, spurned my hand,
But now my mind is set—No more will I
Stand by and see before my very eyes
Her love bestowed upon a churl, whose form
Is far less comely than my noble own—
Whose lands are lacking much and in the fight,
Whose valour shows him nothing but a rogue,
But cease,—anon—

(*Lady enters.*)

Lady: What! you are here, my lord?
'Twas rumored that you'd gone to other parts.

Villain (aside): 'Tis well, she tho't I'd gone and so came here—
Yes, I am here, and now will make it plain
That I am not a man whose passions fade.
I offered you my heart—You turned away,
But now I have you in my power—and I—

Lady: Stay! Hold your distance, villain that you are,
I'll never marry you—that you may be sure.
My love is with another, whom all know
To be a noble and a valiant lord—

Go, go, I pray you. This can never be—
Villain: You mayn't thus lightly thrust my suit aside;
Whate'er I want, I take, by fair or foul,
So you—

(*Enter Hero.*)

Hero: Hold, knave!—Remove thy hands—Go hence!
Thou black-browed braggart. Get thee from my sight.

Villain: Son of a dog! You dare address me thus?
Know'st who I am? You dare not fight, I trow.

Hero: Unsheathe thy sword—If you be what you say,
Then like a man receive what you deserve.

Villain: Thou beardless boy—You'll rue this day, but come.

Hero (wounding him): Faint-hearted villain! This is your reward!

Lady: Oh, Egbert—kill him not, I pray you, lest—

Hero: Be still, my love—'twere best if you'd be brave.

(*Villain dies.*)

Anon—the earth is rid of one more knave.

(*Curtain.*)

(Zane Grey's Version.)

With apologies.

Out in the patio lay Nell, taking her customary afternoon siesta.

Watching her with avaricious eyes stood Pete Halloway, his handsome, insolent figure slouching against a palm tree. He smoked idly but with a suggestion of uneasiness. With a gesture of impatience he flung the cigarette away and strode toward the hammock where the girl lay.

Nell stirred and Pete drew back into the shadow. The girl opened her eyes, blue as sapphires, and glanced sleepily about the patio. Pete held himself back with an effort, but his slight movement caused Nell to glance around. Nell started violently and turned dead white.

"Pete Halloway," she said, with biting sarcasm, "I told you I never wanted to see you again. What are you doing here?"

"You know perfectly well," was the low answer. "You know perfectly well that I'm a man who does not take 'no' for his answer."

Nell started towards the house.

"No, you don't," said Halloway, striding forward and seizing her in a rough grasp.

"If you yell, I'll throttle you," he said, in a low, tense voice.

The door onto the patio opened and Dick Strong stepped out, his usually good-natured face white with anger. Pete's hand went to his hip.

"What are you doing here, Pete Halloway?" Strong asked, sharply—"Oh, it's no use telling a lie. I saw you insulting Miss Raymond. I should think you'd be ashamed to show up around here after what happened last night!"

"Who stole Old Man Raymond's money?" Pete asked, smoothly, an evil grin on his face.

"That's a lie and you know it," Dick flashed back, "and anyway the money has been found on one of your men."

Pete's face changed to a sickly yellow. He pulled out his revolver and fired. But the bullet buried itself deep in the wood above Dick's head, for Nell had sprung forward and knocked the weapon from Pete's hand as he fired.

"I'll give you ten to beat it," said Dick, "and if your dirty face is not out of sight by then, I'll shoot!"

Pete turned and fled, tripping into the very arms of two mounted policemen who appeared around a corner.

"Well, thank heaven, I didn't have to kill the poor devil," Dick said, as his arm slipped around Nell's waist.

M. BOYD, III A.



The Haunted Island

A story-book isle in a sapphire sea
Lies still, 'neath a tropical moon;
With date-palms and cocoa-trees, slender
and tall,
O'erlooking a lonely lagoon.

The fabulous treasure hid deep 'neath its
sands
Is lying forgotten, 'tis said;
The treasure-chests bulging with diamonds
and gold
Of swash-buckling rogues, long since
dead.

Perhaps, even now, when the sun has
gone down,
A phantom-ship sails from the west,
And moves like a dream o'er the luminous
sea,
Till, in the lagoon, comes to rest.

Then shadowy forms flit along the dim
beach,
Beneath the moon's silvery rays;
Revisiting haunts that they loved and
knew well,
In long ago pirating days.

As soon as the dawn sends its light o'er
the world,
The ghost-ship and phantoms are
gone;
And little waves lap on the glistening
shore
To comfort the sands left alone.

The story-book isle in the sapphire sea,
Lies sad 'neath the tropical sky;
With date-palms a-quiver and bright-
feathered birds,
That in 'mongst the green leaves flash
by.

M. BOYD,
Form III.



CLASS OFFICERS.

Japanese Poetry



T is far easier to describe what Japanese poetry is not than what it actually is. To begin with, there are no Japanese epics such as the Iliad and Odyssey, the Kalevala and the Mahabharata, and our phrase Naganta ("long poetry") is to you a misnomer for we have no really long poems; Philosophy, religion, satire are not themes for poets, they sometimes even go so far as to consider war no fit subject for a song.

Where, then, are the charm and wonder of Japan's poems? The real genius is to be found in the Tanka, a poem of five lines or phrases and thirty-one syllables. In many ways the Tanka shows far more limitations than an English sonnet, and it is surprising what music and sentiment are expressed within these limits. The Tanka is brief in form, but it frequently suggests, with haunting insistence, that the poem really has no end, when imagination seizes it and turns it into a thousand thousand lines.

Those who know the Hiyaku-nin-issui ("Single verses by a hundred poets"), written before the time of the Norman Conquest, will understand that much of the old Japanese poetry depended upon the dexterous punning and of the use of "pivot" words. This was practised not with the idea of laughter, but rather with the idea of winning quiet admiration for a subtle and clever verbal ornament. No translation can do full justice to this phase of Japanese poetry; but the following Tanka by Yasuhide Bunya may give some idea of word play: "The mountain wind in autumn time Is well called hurricane; It *hurries canes* and twigs along, And whirls them o'er the plain To scatter them again."

The cleverness of this verse lies in the fact that yama-kaze ("mountain wind") is written with two characters. When these characters are combined they form the word arashi ("hurricane"). But clever as the pivot words are, they are used but sparingly by the poets of the classical periods.

Most distinguished are those describing some mood, some scene from nature, for our poets are essentially nature poets. Here, for instance, is the Japanese National Anthem, literally rendered in English: "May our lord's empire live through a thousand ages, till tiny pebbles grow into giant boulders covered with emerald mosses." It is based on an ancient song, Kokinshu, and, like all ancient songs in praise of kingship, expresses a desire for an emperor whose very descent from the sun shall live to rule past mortal reckoning. There is a symbolic meaning attached to rocks and stones, closely associated to Buddhism.

It is the nature poems of Japan that are exceedingly beautiful, those describing plum and cherry blossoms, moonlight on a river, the flight of a heron, the murmuring song of the blue pine, or the white foam waves. The best of the poems are touched with pathos.

"Cold as the wind of early spring,
Chilling the birds that lie sheathed
In their brown armour with its sting;
—And the bare branches withering—
So seems the human heart to me!
Cold as March wind's bitterness:
I am alone, none come to see
Or cheer me in these days of stress.

(Translation from Japanese)

MOMIJI UBUKATA.

Spring Fever

When the willow-trees are lighted with
an unreal golden glow,
And the roads are rivers running with
the swiftly melting snow,
When the sky is softly pale and there's a
stillness in the air,
And a solemn sense of waiting and ex-
citement everywhere,
When the birds begin their chirping, your
heart begins to sing—
For vaguely, deeply, magically, you feel
that it is Spring!

When the steam is slowly rising from the
sodden, snow-drenched ground,
And the tiny grass-blades grow and grow
without the slightest sound,
When on the lilac-bushes baby buds be-
gin to swell,
And from the soil is wafted a warm,
moist, earthy smell,

Oh, when you hear the cawing of some
far-distant crow,
Your heart begins a-pounding, for then
you know—you know!

You long to seek a sun-warmed field of
smoky grass, and lie
Breathing its pungent perfume as you
pierce the depth of sky;
You long to join the squirrels in their
wild and fev'rish chase,
And, bird-like, soar aloft through miles
of misty, wing-swept space.
For you feel the stir and wonder of each
wild, woodsy thing,
That thrilling and exulting cries—
Behold, oh World, 'tis Spring!

K. M. SCOTT,
Form V.



To Fallen Leaves

Ah, poor, sad leaves that lie upon the
street,
Your gold all tarnished by our passing
feet,
You speak of other days and other hours
Of hazy skies and bright autumnal
flowers.
Of fragrant apples thumping from the
trees,
Of shaggy purple asters in the breeze,
Of sumach flaming from some sunny
hill,

Of yellow stubble drousing calm and
still
Beneath the now fast-waning sun, and
then—
You whisper of the happy play-time
when
You flaunted in the sparkling winy air,
Your colors gay; the branches now are
bare
And you, dear leaves, lie sodden on the
street,
But still you bring to me those memories
sweet.

JUNE WARREN.

great school spirit in her efforts on behalf of the school. A very hard working scholar. We shall miss you next year, Kay.

"She was made for happy thoughts
For playful wit and laughter."

Sheila Lee—Born in Toronto. Day girl in fifth form. President of the Beta Kappa. A keen worker at gym. and has turned out enthusiastically to all the matches. Sheila is very seldom seen without a smile and we shall miss it very much next year, to say nothing of herself.

"Noble in purpose, strong in duty's name."

Jessie Kelly—Formerly of Hamilton, but now of Evanston, U.S.A. In fourth form. One of mesdemoiselles from French House. Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Won the French House prize for Progress in French last year. An enthusiastic worker in the gym. Keen school spirit is shown by her interest in all school events. Best of luck at Northwestern University next year.

"Exceeding wise and fair spoken."

Betty Rutherford—Born in Toronto. Day girl. Fourth form. Vice-president of the Y.W.C.A. Has won the general proficiency for three years and is still an excellent scholar. One of our best gymnasts. We are glad Betty is coming back next year.

"She does no work by halves."

Sylvia Cayley—A Torontonian. Day girl. On second basketball team. Fourth form slogan representative. Won the general proficiency last year. Is noted for her broad sense of humor. Sylvia is very capable and always on the spot for school activities. We shall be very sorry to lose her this year.



CHRISTINE AULD—HEAD GIRL

Prefect Personals

"The truest greatness lies in being kind."

Christine Auld—Head prefect. Born in Toronto. House girl. Fifth former. President of the Y.W. On the first basketball team. She is very generous and always ready to lend a helping hand. Best wishes for next year, Tina.

"She hath the kindest and sincerest heart."

Kathryn Tait—Born in Glencoe. Boarder and fifth former. Kay shows

"Commonsense and kindliness and every modest grace."

Catherine McBurney—Born in Sarnia. House girl. Fifth former. Vce-president of the Beta Kappa. Won the courtesy and neatness prizes last year. One of the editors of the Slogan. President of fifth form and a good head in everything. Best wishes, Kay, for next year if you do as well at Varsity as you have done at Branksome we shall expect great things of you.

"Live, laugh and love your fill until
The time comes when you can't."

Dorothy Barber—Born in Essex, Ontario. A boarder in fifth form. Dot. left us to go on the Mediterranean trip after Christmas. We are all enjoying the interesting and descriptive letters she is writing to us from abroad and we are looking forward to seeing her again at the closing.



HOUSE AND DAY PREFECTS



Basketball

The girls this year have shown greater enthusiasm than ever for basket ball. They have turned out in great numbers to witness all the matches. The first team was successful in nearly all their games and won the school league.

First Team Games.

Oct. 7th—Moulton vs. Branksome, won by School—30-12.

Oct. 12th—Havergal vs. Branksome, won by School—46-15.

Oct. 22nd—Alumnae vs. Branksome, won by Alumnae—23-19.

Oct. 28th—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome, won by School—28-8.

Nov. 11th—Havergal vs. Branksome, won by School—37-13.

Nov. 12—Trafalgar Castle vs. Branksome, won by School—25-12.

Nov. 18—Bishop Strachan vs. Branksome, won by School—20-19.

Nov. —Trafalgar Castle College vs. Branksome, won by T.C.C.—26-18.

Dec. 7—Margaret Eaton School vs. Branksome, won by M.E.S.—45-21.

The second basket ball team had a rather disappointing year. They worked hard but their lack of experience told against them in some of their matches. The team was as follows: Forwards—Mary Rodger, Captain, Sylvia Cayley; Guards, Margaret Henderson, Margaret MacDonald; Centres, Marian Gibson, Elizabeth Saunderson; Subs, Lois Brooks, Babs Goulding.

First Teams Personals

Christine Auld—Forward. Third year on team. A steady player and works well with her other forward. She seldom misses her short shots. Starred in first B.S.S. game.

Primrose Mabon—Forward. First year on team. Prim is one of our fastest players with an excellent long shot. Starred in second B.S.S. game.

Jackqueline Dumaresq—Centre. First year on team. Has splendid combination with her associate.

Isobel Pirie—Captain. Side centre. First year on team. A high jumper, quick thinker, fast and reliable player.

Isobel made a very competent captain. Starred in last B.S.S. game.

occasionally. Improved towards the end of the season.

Ruth Hamilton—Guard. First year on team. A very quick player but erratic

Mary Parsons—Guard. First year on team. A steady and hard working player.



BASKETBALL TEAM



Tennis

The tennis courts last year seemed to be, if possible, more in demand than ever. Boarders actually got up before the rising bell to go and play tennis—an almost unheard of thing in the history of Branksome. Day girls came early to school, the courts were never vacant.

The tournaments were a great success, owing to the large number of girls that entered into them. The doubles were played off between Margaret Aitken, Jeanne McKiggan vs. Christine Auld, Margaret Withers; Margaret Aitken and

Jeanne McKiggan winning. The singles were very close and were played the day before the closing, in June. Jeanne McKiggan vs. Betty Kingsmith, Jeanne winning. The Junior doubles were won by Ruth Hamilton and Margaret Eaton; the singles by Eleanor Lyle. Some very exciting inter-school matches were played also.

Last Fall, the School went to the Arena to see Suzanne Lenglen, and I am sure after seeing such inspiring tennis, Branksome will do wonders this Spring.

Hockey

The hockey practices began this year as soon as the girls came back after Christmas. We were very fortunate in again having Beverly Grant as coach. We attribute a great deal of our success to the fine large rink which Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton so kindly offered to us.

The following matches were played:

Jan. 27th—Jarvis Col. vs. B. H., at Eaton's rink. Won by B. H.—10-0.

Feb. 3rd—Little Vic. vs. B. H., at Eaton's rink. Won by Little Vic.—7-5.

Feb. 10th—Havergal Col. vs. B. H., at Havergal. Won by B. H.—5-3.

Feb. 21st—Havergal Col. vs. B. H., at Eaton's rink. Won by B. H.—7-3.

Feb. 22nd—Bishop Strachan's vs. B. H., at B. S. S. Won by B. S. S.—4-0.

The Gym. Display

On Thursday evening, April the seventh, the gymnasium was filled with as many spectators as space would permit for our annual Physical Training Demonstration, which was, as usual, a great success, thanks to Miss MacLennan's wonderful ability and infinite patience and the girls' splendid co-operation.

Two of the most effective numbers were "Single Sticks" by Forms III., IV. and V., and "Club Swinging" by Forms I. and II. These exercises required many hours of practice and the girls deserved the generous applause accorded them. "Marching Tactics" was another excellent number, while the Juniors, very sweet and attractive in their

brief little skirts, quite captured the hearts of the audience with their games and dances. Folk-dancing by the various forms was very well done, the Morris dance was especially worthy of note, the dancers keeping perfect time. Clogging was an unusual dance which was well received.

A charming dance, "Silhouettes," was very gracefully executed by Isabel Pirie and Mary Parsons. "Poet's Love" by five of the Intermediate girls combined comedy and good dancing. "Jingle Bells" and "Play-Time" by the Junior Dancing Class were a great credit to Miss Barker. The "Grand March" and the singing of "God Save the King" ended a most successful and entertaining evening.





HOCKEY ENTHUSIASTS

Physics

Outside the Schoolroom window
 The sun is shining bright,
 The sky is clear and blythest blue,
 The clouds are foamy white;
 The birds are singing merrily,
 The lilacs are in bloom,
 While I sit here learning Physics,
 In a dim, dark dingy room.

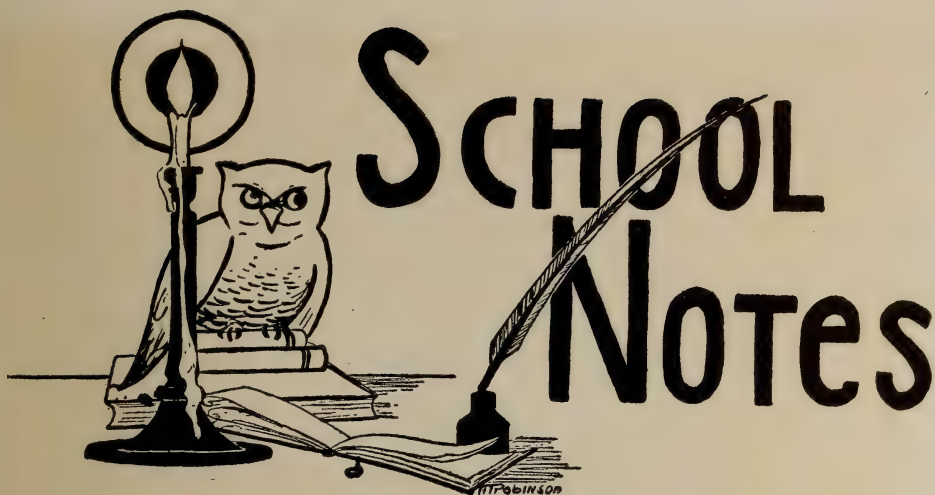
What do I care for Bunsen
 Or Rumford or Joly,
 Intensity, density,
 Specific gravity,
 Voltmeters, thermometers,
 Photometers, hygrometers?
 I think they're all as stupid
 And as boring as can be.

I hear the little Juniors
 Out in the yard at play,

And wish myself once more a child
 As innocent as they.
 They know not that above their heads
 A class sits, bowed in woe,
 Dreaming of a dread ordeal
 They soon must undergo.

The spectre of Matriculation!
 Hist! I needs must quit.
 I'm s'posed to be learning the gas laws,
 And I don't know a bit.
 And here am I for once, forsooth,
 Poetically inclined,
 With lots of flowery language
 Running through my mind;
 Yet must I to my Physics turn
 Without a look behind;
 And to my hopeless drudgery
 Grind! Grind! Grind!

MARION HOPKINSON, IV A.



ON October 5, a party was taken to the Royal Alexandra to see Matheson Lang, in the "Wandering Jew." As it was Matheson Lang's first appearance in Toronto, we enjoyed the evening to the utmost, in spite of the tragic ending of the play. Many of the girls were so impressed that they did not fail to see him in his other plays.

On October 12, to our great joy, we were taken to the Arena Gardens, to see Suzanne Lenglen, the world's champion, play the game we so enjoy, "tennis." Suzanne played with such grace and speed that she easily won the singles from Mary Browne, the American champion. But in the doubles, Mary Browne and her partner after a stiff fight succeeded in carrying off the honours.

We were very fortunate to have Madame Huntley Greene, a famous pianist, play to us on November 15. A delightful program, consisting of many selections from famous composers, was given. But to us lovers of music the program was far too short. However, we are hoping to have Madame Huntley Greene play to us again.

The Christmas Carol Service in the Rosedale Church took place on Decem-

ber 17, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The church was filled with parents and friends of the girls, who in the Christmas rush had taken the time to hear the old familiar carols sung by the girls. The singing was accompanied by Miss Hill at the organ, Miss Phyllis Hollinrake playing the harp, and an orchestra of violins. The audience seemed to enjoy the service greatly. The success of the carol singing was due to Mrs. Kennedy, who trained the girls untiringly.

The Christmas Tree was held on the evening of December 20, in the drawing-room. The tree was brilliantly decorated. Santa Claus arrived just in time to read the poetical attempts and distribute the slams, after which everybody thronged to the domestic science room for the rumpus night food.

The greatest event of the year, the long looked for Christmas Dinner, was held on December 21. The dining-room was beautifully decorated and the tables were arranged in the form of an E with a huge birthday cake in the centre, as it was the happy occasion of Miss Read's birthday. The dinner was followed by toasts intermingled with songs. The toasts to the King, Canada, the School, the Staff, the Prefects and Seniors, the Old Girls,

Sports and the Societies were most efficiently proposed and answered by the girls and various members of the Staff. Miss Read made a very entertaining speech in answer to the toast proposed to her by our Head Girl.

The girls plan to see one "real" hockey game a year and their hope was realized on January 21, McGill vs. Varsity, at the Varsity Stadium. The play was rather one-sided but in spite of this managed to keep the girls excited.

On January 24 we went to "The Gondoliers," which was presented by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. Everyone was charmed with the beautiful music and the gorgeous costumes. That it was one of the best operas of the season was the opinion of all.

On Saturday, February 12, the dance, one of the very delightful events of the year, took place. The gymnasium, where Miss Read received her guests, was very brilliantly decorated with the crests of the nine provinces, held together by flags. Those who very kindly acted as patrons and patronesses for the occasion were:—Mrs. A. R. Auld, Miss A. Auld, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Rutherford, Mrs. F. Deacon and Mrs. E. C. Cayley. The music was provided by the Varsity orchestra and their program was very successful.

Refreshments were served in the school dining-room at midnight. The school and college yells added much to the liveli-

ness of the scene and the occasion will long be remembered by those who were present.

On February 28 we went to see "Tons of Money" at the Empire Theatre, the event of the Alumnae Theatre Night. The play was screamingly funny and I am sure every person enjoyed themselves.

On April 1, the school attended the Annual Skating Carnival given at the Arena Gardens. From the beginning, when the skaters first came on the ice, to the last number—The Grand March—the whole audience was thrilled. Such skill, such daring, and such figures had never been shown before. The skaters from Paris, Ottawa, and Switzerland, the champions of Canada, and of the club never before were so splendid. This carnival will long be remembered by those who may not be fortunate enough to see it again.

Since school began in September we have been to a great many excellent concerts. The Boston Symphony and the Mordkin Ballet in November, Friedman in December, Roland Hayes in January, and Macbeth in February. The singing of the Mendelssohn Choir, accompanied by the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, was delightful, but Kreisler's concert was what charmed everybody. His program, a little heavier than last year's, was very enthusiastically received.

KATHRYN TAIT.



Y.W.C.A.



N Wednesday morning, September 22nd, the Y.W.C.A. held its first meeting in the gymnasium. The following officers were elected for the coming year:—

President	Christine Auld
Vice-President	Betty Rutherford
Secretary	Jessie Kelly
Treasurer	Leith Hutchison
Work Committee	Isobel Pirie
	Lois Tedman

On Friday evening, October 8th, Dr. Grierson came and told of the wonderful work done by the mission hospital in Korea and of its effect on the people. Two of his daughters accompanied him and before his interesting talk sang to us in the Korean language.

The first swimming meet was held in our beautiful new pool on the evening of October 15th. There were contests in speed, style and skill. Many took part in the events, all of which were a tremendous success. The final results were as follows:—

- I. Mary Rodger.
Joyce Tedman.
- II. Gretchen Grey.
- III. Marion Gibson.
Grace Innes.
Lois Tedman.

After the swimming was over the Y.W. sold sandwiches and chocolate bars in the dining room, which were greatly appreciated.

We were very fortunate in having Miss Cracaud, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in India, come and speak to us on Wednesday morning, November 24th. Miss Cracaud told us many interesting characteristics of the people of India. We realize more forcibly than ever the diffi-

culty of missionaries in India as regards language and customs.

We began our collections for Ramabai on November 9th. On Friday of that week an entertainment was given, the French House presenting "Hollywood Bound," the Scott House "The Tragedy of the Lighthouse Keeper," the English House, "A School Twenty Years Hence," and the Day Girls, who gave two plays, "The Fatal Quest" and "Slow Motion Basketball." All were outstanding in originality and were greatly enjoyed. During two recesses of the following week Hot Dogs were sold, which proved to be extremely popular.

For our Christmas work this year we undertook to provide for six poor families. Collections of warm clothing, food, books and toys were made in each form. Letters received by Miss Read show that these efforts were greatly appreciated.

Our annual skating party was held on Friday evening, January 28th. It was a perfect night, the ice was wonderful and although we were disappointed in the non-arrival of the hurdy-gurdy, an orchestra was supplied by some of the girls who came armed with combs, paper, bells, a victrola and strong voices. We all enjoyed their music and had a splendid time. After the skating everyone went to the dining room, where supper was served.

On the morning of February 9th Canon Cody kindly consented to come and to explain to us the intricate workings of the League of Nations. He told us the plan and the aim and the accomplishments of it and gave us his viewpoint. He was very interesting, and we feel that we know a great deal more about this difficult subject than before.

On Wednesday morning, March 9th, we had a very interesting talk on the present situation in China by Dr. Thomson, who is on furlough from his mission field in Honan. He explained carefully the problems confronting China and the probable outcome of it all.

Miss Griffith had in the senior and intermediate forms Wednesday morning, March 30th, a very interested audience. She came to us from a Bible school in Poland and talked on the hardships suffered by the Russian inhabitants at the hands of the Communists.

During the Lenten season, as in former years, a weekly subscription is being taken towards the support of our Indian orphan, Avantika, and our Indian teacher, Sonu Narayan. Everyone has worked splendidly and we expect to achieve our objective.

Owing to the keen interest and enthusiastic co-operation of the school the Y.W. has had a most successful year.

JESSIE KELLY.

Secretary.

Treasurer's Report, Y.W.C.A.

Receipts—	
Sales	\$ 63.40
Skating Party	30.00
Collections	308.25
Lenten Collections	80.00
Total	\$481.65
Expenditures—	
Ramabai	\$275.00
Indian Orphan	35.00
Indian Teacher	65.00
Branksome Hall Bed at Ludiana	50.00
Expenses	31.85
Poor Families	19.25
Total	\$476.10
Cash on Hand	5.55

LEITH HUTCHISON.



HOUSE AND DAY SENIORS

The Beta Kappa

The first meeting of the Beta Kappa for the year 1926-27 was held in the Assembly Hall, on September 22nd, for the purpose of electing officers. The result of the voting was as follows:

Honorary President: Miss Read.

President: Sheila Lee.

Vice-President: Catherine MacBurney.

Secretary: Katherine Scott.

Treasurer: Jacqueline Dumaresq.

Convener of Debating: Marion Charles.

Convener of Music: Mary Hargrave.

On Friday evening, October 1st, the old Day-girls gave an entertainment for the benefit of the new ones. The different forms showed great versatility and originality in the presentation of various acts. An instructive Fashion Show, a delicate fantasy called "The Beau of Bath," a thrilling melodrama in the form of "A Chess Game," and an amusing forecast of "Life a Hundred Years Ahead," were among the numbers that delighted the audience.

The Annual Masquerade was held on the 29th of October and surpassed in cleverness of costuming and height of enjoyment even the dances of other years. The triumph of the evening came when the staff appeared dressed as Branksome girls and entertained with an offering of school yells, cheers and songs. Chika Ubukata and Helen Richardson won the prizes for the prettiest costumes; Margaret Withers and Elinor Stovel for the funniest, and Margaret Henderson for the most original. With ice-cream and cake in the dining-room, a most successful party came to an end.

The Fourth Form presented Sir James Barrie's whimsical little comedy, "Alice Sit By the Fire," on the evening of November 19th. On account of their splendid acting, and owing to the universal

appeal of Barrie's plays, the performance was a great success. Winnifred Gentle's "Alice" is especially worthy of mention.

A very interesting debate took place on December 3rd: Resolved, that more knowledge can be obtained by reading than by travel. The arguments were well presented by both sides and showed much originality of thought and skill in oratory. The judges considered the negative to be the more convincing.

On December 5th, we had the pleasure of a visit from Dr. Neil, who spoke to the Bible Class on the value of true friendship. He stayed and had tea with the girls, to their great delight.

One of the best presented plays of the year was The Rosedale School for Charm, given by Form III. The costumes, acting and manners of the players were all very realistic. The School was charmed by their interpretation of this modern play, and so their aim was achieved.

On February 18th, a play of a very different sort was put on by the Fifth Form, and, considering the length of the presentation was very well received by the audience. This was "She Stoops to Conquer," by Goldsmith. The old-fashioned dress of the period, together with the picturesque and highly-flavored language and broad, rolling humor, captivated the fancy of the onlookers and made them extremely lavish in their praise. Helen Large made an adorably modest heroine.

Dr. Coyne came to speak to the School on Wednesday morning, February 23rd, on "The Care of the Teeth." His lecture showed us the great importance of keeping our teeth healthy if we wish to be healthy ourselves. The girls left with the feeling that they had learned a great deal about this interesting subject.

On Feb. 25th, two very clever little French plays were put on by the French House, under the expert guidance of Miss Elliott, "Chez la Modiste," and an amusing Dialogue, containing much brilliant repartee. All the parts were exceedingly well taken.

There was also an exhibition of dancing with some delightful clogging numbers and a few spirited folk dances, executed by the Juniors.

Mystery, thrills and romance filled the gymnasium on the 18th of March, when the Second Form acted "A Ghost Story" before a breathless audience. It was an original representation of the eternal triangle question carried through with a great deal of pep to a highly satisfactory conclusion.

Three and Four Special joined forces

on the evening of Friday, the 25th, and presented two comedies, "Acid Drops" and "Elizabeth's Young Man." In the first the scene is laid in the "Workhus," and the humor lies mostly in the dry sarcastic speeches of a dreadful old woman with a barbed tongue, very ably acted by Louise Mathieu. The second play revelled in amusing situations and complications which kept the audience in roars of laughter from beginning to end.

This completed the entertainments up to the Easter holidays and so ends my report. I think we may be proud of the interest, enthusiasm and talent displayed by the whole School, and consider the record shown by the Beta Kappa for the year 1926-27 a very creditable one.

KATHERINE SCOTT,
Secretary.



The Flowers

The tall and stately trilliums grow
Beside the cool clear brook,
And dainty purple violets blow
In some soft, grassy nook.

The periwinkles, dressed in blue
Wake in the early dawn
And shake from off their lids the dew
That sparkles on the lawn.

The pretty flowers in the wood,
The roses in the lanes,
The snowdrop with her snowy hood,
Enjoy the April rains.

By VERA DUNLOP,
Form I.



Exams

(With apologies to A. A. Milne.)

A girl asked
A teacher
And the teacher
Asked our Principal,
"Could we have our exams
Before Easter instead?"
The Principal
Said, "Certainly,"
And put it in
Her notebook.
But when Fourth Form
Heard it,
They nearly dropped
Dead!

"We can't have
Exams then,
It's far too
Early!
We'll go to the Prefects
And see what they'll do."
The Prefects asked
The Principal;
She said,
"I'll change it,"
Then put it in
Her note-book
And thought she was
Through!

Rumor got
Abroad again
That they were where
They started—
Just before Easter
When everyone was slack.
The girls got
Worried,
And went to
The Principal
And she in her
Note-book
Put, "Changed" exams
Back!"

Now, why have
Exams when
They cause so much
Worry?
We'll try to do
Without them,
Even though it's sad.
Then we'll get
Our Principal
A brand new note-book,
Bound in purple
Leather,
The best she ever
Had!

L. TEDMAN,
Form IV.





Exchanges

"Olla Podrida"—Halifax Ladies' College, Halifax, N.S.

One of our best exchanges—very well written.

"Vox Lycei"—Lisgar St. Collegiate Inst., Ottawa, Ont.

A very good magazine—your headings are great.

Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

A very good exchange—nicely arranged.

Saint Andrew's College, Aurora, Ont.

A splendid exchange—well illustrated.

St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia.

A good exchange—we suggest a few more drawings.

We like to hear from our fellow-colonials.

"Vox Collegii"—Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, Ont.

A good magazine—we suggest more stories.

"Blue and White"—Rothesay Collegiate, Rothesay, N.B.

A good exchange—a little more "pep" please.

"The Tech Flash"—N.S. Technical School.

A very interesting magazine—we like your cover designs.

"Oakwood Oracle"—Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto.

A good magazine—a few more stories, please.

"The Ashburian"—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.

Your sports are well written—how about a few more sketches and stories?

Bishop Strachan School, Toronto.

A good magazine—a few jokes would improve it.

"The Hermes"—Nutana Collegiate Inst., Saskatoon, Sask.

A well-edited magazine.

"The Salt Shaker"—Nutana Collegiate Inst., Saskatoon, Sask.

A peppy paper—a few sketches would improve it.

"The Magnet"—Jarvis St. Collegiate Inst., Toronto.

A very good exchange—your stories are splendid.

JUNIORS



Santa Claus Helpers

All day long Santa Claus had been very busy. To-morrow he must leave his Northern home to take presents to boys and girls all over the world. Yet he couldn't go if he hadn't enough toys; and his sack was only half full. "Oh, if only the Brownies were here," he thought, and sighed deeply. Where were the Brownies? No one knew. One dark night they had disappeared and no traces of them had been found. Santa Claus was broken-hearted over this because although the Sprites, Gnomes, and many other little fairy-folk helped him, none were as clever and skilful as the Brownies. As dusk came on, Santa laid down his work for it was too dark to see. Sadly he closed the shop, thinking how disappointed the children would be when he arrived with so few toys.

Early the next morning he awoke,

and went to his shop to pack the toys. And there he saw hundreds of Brownies hard at work. There were so many toys there that Santa Claus gasped. "Where have you been, little Brownies?" he asked, when he recovered from his surprise. "We ran away," they cried, "and made all those toys to surprise you." "You are good little Brownies," said Santa Claus. "You shall have a reward. You shall go with me and help deliver presents to the children. The Brownies were delighted and shouted with joy, for they had always wanted to go with him.

So the Brownies went and helped Santa Claus fill many stockings, and I am sure that no one spent a happier Christmas than they.

HELEN ROOKE, Sr. III (age 11).

A Secret Bower

There's a little pool deep in the wood
That sparkles diamond clear;
There are tiny violets round its banks
And birds' nests hidden near.

This little spot belongs to me,
'Tis like a fairy bower;
And fairies sometimes visit me,
Just at the twilight hour.

ELINOR HAMILTON (age 13).

Tobogganing

I like to go tobogganing,
Whizzing down the hill,
And, oh! it is so thrilling,
A zip! and then—just still.

My sister and my brother
Came along with me,
Till a call from my mother:
"Children, time for tea."

HELEN SHEPHERD (age 11).



The Bunny Race

Thousands of years ago, there lived Brownies, Gnomes, Elves and Fairies. Now these people lived in a city called "Little People's City." They also had a kingdom called "The Little People's Kingdom." The king's name was King Pippin, and his wife was called "Queen of the Roses" (the people had given her this name). They had a daughter whom the people named the "Snow Princess" and also a son who was Prince Knot-Knock.

These little folk liked sports very much, so the king decided to have a "bunny race." Though neither the king nor the queen told about this, it leaked out. (I think it was the Prince, don't you?) It spread like fire and messengers flew hither and thither. And on everybody's tongue was the question, "Are you going to race?" There were many visits to the shops, especially the clothes-shop. Tailors going to houses and coming out a few hours later would hear, "Yoo-hoo, Tailor"—another customer.

At last the great day came. Everybody who was going to race had a big brown bunny with reins and riding whip to match their bunny. The Gnomes dressed for the race in a red

cap, a black vest with yellow frilled collar, tight green knickers, black socks with red tops and black riding boots. The little Elves dressed all in red. The judge was a man called Phoebe and the little folk liked him very much. Only the Gnomes and Elves were going to race. Phoebe said, "Are you ready?" then he lifted his hand, dropped it and they were away.

Up hill, down dale, through meadows, jumping small streams, through moss and flowers, flying through valleys, they at last rounded a dangerous curve and there was a straight run home. They sped past farms and fields. Pixie the Gnome was first, but Nimbleshank, not to be outdone by his friend, whispered something in his rabbit's ear. His bunny gave one spring and caught up to his bunny friend, and they were racing neck and neck. There's the winning post! Who's first? Ah! Nimbleshank is first. There was great rejoicing about it and a great feast was held in honor of Nimbleshank. But Nimbleshank, proud of his own success, did not forget his bunny who had won the race for him and he gave his bunny clover, carrots and everything a bunny likes.

JEAN GORDON, Sr. III (age 10).

Nimbleshank's Victory

Thumb Tack, Peekin, Bobbin and Nimbleshanks were four little elves, who spent the day racing over the meadows on their bunny steeds, chasing butterflies, tickling big black beetles when they had just settled down for an afternoon nap, and doing all sorts of other mischievous things. They lived in a large, hollow tree in the midst of a wood, just the place for such mischievous little people. And all around the outskirts of the wood were large, sunny meadows.

On this certain day, they were to have a race on their bunnies; so, of course, they were up bright and early getting their steeds ready for the race. At last, the four bunnies were lined up in front of the hollow tree in a row, each with his rider by his side.

Nimbleshanks cracked his whip and off they went at a breakneck speed. Thumb-Tack was the first to tumble off. He was trying to get ahead of Peekin when he suddenly found himself on the ground, and got up just in time to see the little white fluffy tail of his bunny

disappear through the trees. Meanwhile, the others had reached the meadows, and all in a moment Peekin's bunny tripped and tossed him away up in the air. So now there were only Bobbin and Nimbleshanks left. On and on they went, neck to neck and each getting more and more excited every minute. They were only twenty yards from the winning post when Bobbin got so excited and bobbed so hard that he bobbed right off his bunny's back. So it was Nimbleshanks who won.

Now these elves were very cheery little fellows and were just as much excited if someone else had won a game or a race as they would if they had won it themselves. So in a minute Peekin and Thumb Tack came puffing up. "Hurrah for Nimbleshanks," they cried. And hoisting the triumphant Nimbleshanks on their shoulders, they carried him home to the house in the wood, where a great feast was prepared in his honor.

GWYNNETH SINCLAIR, Jr. IV.
(Age 12.)



My Pony

I wish I had a pony,
I wish, I wish, I wish;
I'd drive her up and down the streets,
And give her cream and sweets.

But now I've got a pony
I don't do what I said;
I give her hay and oatmeal,
And send her right to bed.

My Dog

I lost my little doggie,
Not so very long ago;
If anybody finds her,
Will you kindly let me know?

She was a cute wee doggie,
She was all black and white,
And when she jumped and ran about,
She played with all her might.

ELSIE WOODS,
Form III, Jr. School.

Birds

I love the little birdies,
 They sing to me all day,
 They wakened me this morning,
 And made me think 'twas May.

I heard a robin singing
 In the field to-day;
 I crept up very quietly,
 Lest I'd frighten him away.

His song was very cheery,
 Such a puffy little chest;
 I could not help thinking
 That of life he gets the best.

There's a bird I have never seen before,
 He's hopping right up to my door;
 Come, little birdie, just back from the
 South,
 Tell me your story from your own little
 mouth.

M. J. SEGSWORTH,

Jr. III.

Pussy

Pussy, Pussy, where are you going?
 I'm going to the garden to play.
 Pussy, Pussy, with whom will you play?
 I'll play with the fairies all day.

ELINOR BIRKETT (age 7).

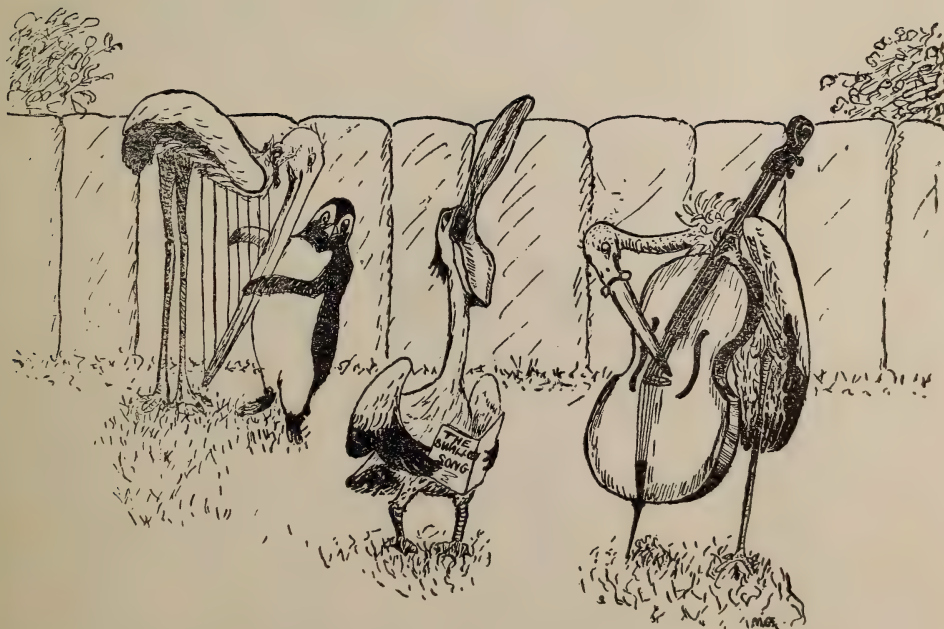
Thoughts

I walked with my sister, hand in hand,
 Along the far - stretching beauteous
 strand.

That day as I strolled by the ocean's roll,
 My thoughts were off at the cold North
 Pole;

But hers were in a warmer land,
 Down by the ocean and golden strand;
 Someday there she hopes to go,
 Off where the roses and hollyhocks grow.

VIVIEN CAMPBELL (age 12).





Miss H.: "Does anyone know where Dorothy B— is to-day?"

Pupil: "Oh, yes! She's in bed with her heart."

Miss B. (in Chemistry): "Mary, what liquid will not freeze?"

Mary (brightly): "Hot water."

Mary L.: "A point is that which has position but no sides."

They say that the young married people of to-day feather their nests with down—a dollar down.

Miss MacN.: (reverting to her explanation of the Conditional, after having given the class a scolding): "Now, always remember, I should be loved."

(At Macbeth, staged by amateurs, the orchestra for some time had been getting ready to play.)

1st Girl: "Why are they waiting?"

2nd Girl: "They're looking for the Lost Chord."

Miss R.: "On account of carol practice, there will be no baths to-night, but will those who should have them to-night get in as many as they can to-morrow night."

The Senior has a happy lot,

She has no care for the morrow;
She needn't get all bothered and hot,
"Coz" she's never tempted to borrow.



?

A Picture No Artist Can Paint

Picture a leisurely First Form crowd,
Picture Joyce Tedman not laughing
out loud,
Picture a lesson when Don hasn't been,
Picture a vaudeville Jean hasn't seen;
Singing young Betty, with tunes that are
quaint—
There's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Joan Hannay with a look that is
worn,
Picture Elaine on time in the morn,
Picture wee Lergie not borrowing things,
Or a class that is quiet, when the period
bell rings;
Picture our gym class all there when they
ain't—
There's a picture no artist can paint.

Picture Joan Knowlton not loaded with
lore,
Picture it making the rest of us sore,
The Latin and French that Nora can't do,
And brainy wee Kay, just six foot two;
Picture First Form without a complaint—
There's a picture no artist can paint.

G. RAE,
Form I.

The Elite

There is, within the School, a noble
band—

Heroic company of world-wide fame,—
Earnest in purpose, strong in Duty's
name.

From morn till early eve they sweetly
stand,

Influence-shedders to the rank and file.

French exercises are their daily bread,

Trig. problems all their waking dreams—
in bed,

Horace it is, who makes the sleepy
smile

Flicker o'er faces sunk in well-earned
rest.

Oh, does it matter if their countenance

Rouses no flutter in the manly breast?

"Mind over matter!" they protest ask-
ance.

Branksome is proud and praises them in
song.

Heaven protect them, for they *can't* live
long!

K. M. SCOTT.



By Their Words Ye Shall Know Them

Miss Read—Eating!!! Isn't that odd!

Miss Armstrong—If you'd ever been in the East.

Miss Bowlby—I'd just like to see what you do in your study periods.

Miss Craig—It's time for your bath now.

Miss Elliott—Bon jour mes Enfants.

Miss Faulkner—Up at eleven—girls!

Miss Grierson—In Korea——

Mme Hays—Avez vous bien dormie.

Miss Hugh—I don't know how they do this in Ontario.

Miss Kilpatrick—This is a beautiful little poem by Wordsworth.

Mrs. Kennedy—That carol was just lovely.

Miss McLean—Now, girls, we have our suspicions.

Miss McLennan—Go up and change those high heels.

Miss McDonald—If any of you see a dark green scribbler——

Miss McMichael—Out of the doorways, girls.

Miss McNeill—Well, in regards to that——

Miss Reynar—That is the kind of bob I like.

Miss Robinson—Now, girls, the League of Nations was formed to——

Mrs. Steele—You haven't reported to me.

Miss Tyrrell—Why, that looks more like basting.

Miss Wilson—Well, I can't please everybody.



Branksome Girl (who is a little late on Saturday morning): "I'll be ready to go with you, my dear, as soon as these stockings are dry."

Miss K. (in Literature II): "The girls who lived in the castles of olden days led a rather lonely life. It was dangerous to go outside the castle walls and they couldn't go to school to study, so they stayed at home and learned to cook themselves."

"Are you letting your hair grow?"
 "I can't stop it, can I?"

Burns: "I've done nothing but learn Bible verses. How many do we have to learn?"

Hargrove: "Oh, just reams."

Burns: "Does Reams come after Revelations?"

J. C. (in Geometry I): "Miss H—, please how do you draw a conclusion?"

From a Geography exam.: "Blanc Mange is the highest peak of the Alps."

Why is the line so depleted?

Where are the girls we love?
 Down in the basement of French House,
 Hugging the good old stove.

Bright Latin Pupil: "The Ablative of Means is put in the accusative case."

Torr.: "Really, Dot, you just look divine with your hair up. I mean it. You look so extinguished."



In Memoriam

Our hearts are shattered with sorrow;
 We weep for a life that is gone;
 (O the path it was so narrow)
 And now her days are done.

Her nature was so joyous;
 Her song burst forth at dawn;
 (But the path it was so perilous)
 And now her life is gone.

Her sleep there is so glorious,
 Near the path that leads from the glen,
 (O the path it was so dangerous)
 Where that motor hit our hen!

Anonymous.



Try Them— Then Buy Them! Latest Hits! Latest Hits!

"Crazy Words, Crazy Tune" (with variations) by Grace Innis
 "That Red-head Gal" by Henry
 "Sunny Disposish" by Burus
 "Wistful and Blue" by Jessie K.
 "The Two of Us" (close harmony here) by Stewart and Gentles
 "Ain't She Sweet?" by Christine
 "That's a Good Girl" by K. Tait
 "Yankee Rose" by Helen Large
 "Baby-face" by Tor Bibby
 "My Cutie's Due at Two to Two" by Bellamy
 "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" by Parsons
 "Whispering" by M. Miller
 "Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie" by Hargrave
 "Deep Henderson" by Marg.
 "In a Little Spanish Town" (Galt) by Prim
 "Fire!" by Hoppy
 "Tokio Blues" by Momiji and Chika
 "Me an' My Boy Friend" by Doyle
 "Ray and His Little Chevrolet" by Judy
 "Sunday" by the week-end boarders (in chorus)
 "Smiles" by Pirie
 "Where D'ya Get Those Eyes?" by Betty Shepherd
 "Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake" by McBurney
 "I Like Pie, I Like Cake" by Mary Clare
 Grand chorus by whole School—"The Prisoner's Song" (unanimously and anonymously written)
 by "The Three Culprits"

H. Large: "Did you see any lepers in India?"

P. Stewart: "Oh, only in zoos."

If you want to know why Betty Evans
 Has undergone a reform,
 It's because she's nearer the heavens,
 In a perfectly good little dorm.

Teacher to IV Special: "What is Manna?"

Pupils: "Oh, that was when the waffles and honey fell down from heaven."

Helen: "Would you please change this money? I want ten cents of it for 'Lent'."

Miss A.: "You mean for lending, don't you? Your English is very poor."

Flora: "Have you taken your medicine yet, Tina?"

Christina: "No, it says on the bottle 'Keep tightly corked'."

Miss S. (in Domestic Science): "... and sift all the ingredients."

Kay: "Please, how do you sift hot water?"

Miss K. (hearing Macbeth memory work): "I can't hear. Speak louder."

Voice from back of room: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

K. McB. to Miss R.: "Two men united with the church to-day who had come from Scotland by letter."

Miss R.: "Tell me an interesting fact about the continent of Australia."

Peggy D.: "Oh, that's the continent that's entirely below sea level."

April

Once more in misted April
 Matric. is drawing near,
 Throughout the halls of Branksome
 There dawns a panic fear.

Within that hated brown book
 Dwell theorems fifty-five
 —To make our brains athletic—
 And deductions by the tribe.

And ever in French grammar
 They trip us up, you know,
 Sometimes those examiners,
 "Quel est le plural-beau."

As for that demon Virgil
 He ought to feel ashamed
 For using poet's license
 Which knowing not we are blamed.

And in our mental morals
 The thoughts go in and out,
 And as matric. grows nearer
 The weeds begin to sprout.

S. CAYLEY.



Helpful hints from the Intermediate Form:

An oculist is a person who inoculates you.

Estimate—to love.

Guitar—I thought that was gaiter.

Cantaloupe—Is that a fruit or an animal?

Tariff is a roof.

Caucus—"Is that a caucus plant or a chicken's caucus?"

Miss R.: "What's the chief mode of life of people in S. W. Asia?"

Shirley (hopefully): "They wander about in herds from place to place to graze."

Eleanor (wishing Mabel to be a silent brother in the play): "Miss R—, can't Mabel have an unspeakable part?"

B. J. O.: "Shakespeare's life was a blank for years."

Peggy D.: "India is holy in the Torrid Zone."

Ruth H.: "Singular: mouse; plural, rat."

The English became weary of Richard II because he gambolled too much.

Joan of Arc was a pheasant girl.

Glendower fled to the mountains of Whales.



CASTING OFF THE OLD TIE.

Our Prefects

Will Tina join the debutantes
And still get everything she wants,
Or will she be a sweet co-ed
And try the languages instead?

Will Kay Tait travel the deep sea blue,
And see the country through and
through,
Or will she still a student stay
And into Science pave her way?

Will Sheila Lee make her debut
And do the things a deb. must do,
Or will she go to Varsity,
And win some rarely-won degree?

When Jessie goes to Evanston,
Will she turn American,
And study at North Western U.,
Or has she something else in view?

Will Betty get her Ph. D.,
And talk on all things learnedly,
Or will she from all knowledge stray,
'Cause gentlemen like blondes, they say?

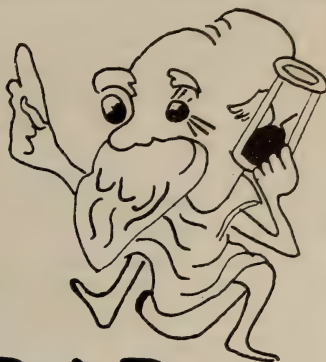
Will Sylvia set out for her degree
And struggle with Latin and history,
Or will she write a book on Greek,
So that we all may learn to speak?

Will McBurney be, in years advancing,
Renowned to all for her tap dancing,
Or will she be an opera star,
And sing to crowned heads, near and far?

Will Dottie's old familiar name
Ring through fields of literary fame,
Or will its glory still increase
And keep her over in Rome or Greece?

MARY PARSONS (by request).





THE CALENDAR

Ida Burchell '26

April 21. Martin Harvey—"Richard III."
" 30. Dame Katherine Furse—"Girl Guides."

May 7. Miss Kilpatrick—"India."

" 14. Moving Pictures of the West.
" 16. Dedication of Guide Flag at St. Simon's.

" 21. Long Week-end.

" 28. Aurora.

June 3. Tennis Match—B.S.S. vs. B.H.

" 4. Tennis Match—H.L.C. vs. B.H.

" 5. Niagara Falls.

" 11. Strawberry Festival.

" 13. Closing Service — Rosedale Church.

" 16. Sports.
Alumnae Dinner.

" 17. Closing.

Sept. 16. School Re-opened.

" 18. "Ben Hur."

" 22. Election of B.K. & Y.W.C.A. Officers.

" 24. Initiation.

" 28. Basketball—B.S.S. vs. B.H.

" 30. Basketball—House vs. Day.

Oct. 1. Old Day Girls' Entertainment.

" 4. Swimming Pool Opened.

" 5. Matheson Lang — "The Wandering Jew."

" 7. Basketball—Moulton vs. B.H.

" 8. Dr. Grierson—"Korea."

" 9. Short Week-end.

" 12. Basketball—H.L.C. vs. B.H.

" 15. Swimming Meet.

" 19. Basketball—B.S.S. vs. B.H.

" 22. Alumnae Meeting.

Oct. 27. Miss Livesay—"Canadian Literature."

" 29. Basketball—Old Girls vs. Present.

Basketball — Form V. vs. Form IV.

Masquerade.

Nov. 2. Massey Hall — Boston Symphony.

" 5. Long Week-end.

" 11. Basketball—H.L.C. vs. B.H.

" 12. Basketball—T.C.S. vs. B.H.
Entertainment in aid of Ramabai.

" 15. Recital—Mrs. Huntley Green.

" 16. Basketball—B.S.S. vs. B.H.

" 17. Alumnae Luncheon—Montreal.

" 19. "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire."

" 22. Russian Ballet.

" 24. Miss Cracaud—"India."

" 24. Junior Plays—Christmas Sale of Cards.

" 30. Basketball—T.C.S. vs. B.H.

Dec. 3. Debate.

" 5. Dr. Neil.

" 7. Basketball—M.E.S. vs. B.H. Friedman.

" 17. Carol Service — Rosedale Church.

" 20. Christmas Tree.

" 21. Christmas Dinner.

Jan. 11. School Re-opened.

" 14. Massey Hall—Roland Hayes.

" 21. Hockey—Varsity vs. McGill.

" 24. Royal Alexandra — "The Gondoliers."

THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN

- Jan. 27. Hockey—Jarvis vs. B.H.
 " 28. Skating Party.
- Feb. 1. Massey Hall—Kreisler.
 " 3. Hockey—Victoria vs. B.H.
 " 4. Massey Hall—Macbeth.
 " 9. Canon Cody—"League of Nations."
 " 10. Hockey—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 " 11. "The Charm School."
 " 12. The Dance.
 " 18. "She Stoops to Conquer."
 " 21. Hockey—H.L.C. vs. B.H.
 " 22. Hockey—B.S.S. vs. B.H.
 " 23. Dr. Coyne — "Care of the Teeth."
 " 24. Mendelssohn.
 " 25. French Plays.
 " 28. Alumnae Theatre Night—"Tons of Money."
- Mar. 1. Visit to the Grange.
- Mar. 4. Rosedale S. S. Entertainment.
 " 6. St. Paul's Church — Westminster Choir.
 " 9. Dr. Thompson—"China."
 " 11. Long Week-end.
 " 18. "A Ghost Story."
 Confirmation—St. Paul's.
 " 25. "Acid Drops."
 " "Elizabeth's Young Man."
 " 30. Miss Griffith—"Poland."
- April 1. Arena—Skating Carnival.
 " 4. Recital—Pupils of Miss Langdon and Miss Cairns.
 " 5. Recital—Pupils of Miss Hill.
 " 7. Physical Training Demonstration.
 " 8. Major Cross—"From Calcutta to Llassa."
 School closed for Easter Holidays.



Prize List, 1926-27

Junior School.

Form I., General Proficiency—
Suzanne Sweatman,
Pamela Eby.

Form II., General Proficiency—
Peggy Waldie.

Conduct:
Margaret Anger.

Form III., General Proficiency—
Helen Rooke,
Nora West.

Form IV., General Proficiency—
Joyce Sweatman,
Vera Dunlop,
Elinor Hamilton,
Gwynneth Sinclair.

Intermediate, General Proficiency—
Helen Barclay (Scholarship),
Nora Eaton,
Mary Lambe,
Ross Macdonald.

Senior School.

Form I., General Proficiency—
Margaret Eaton,
Dorothy Clark,
Helen Richardson.

Form II., General Proficiency—
June Warren (Scholarship),
Margaret Boyd,
Nancy Wilson.

Form III., General Proficiency—
Betty Rutherford,
Sylvia Cayley.

Form IV., General Proficiency—
Isobel Eastcott,
Euphemia Walker.

Mathematics:
Isobel Eastcott.
Euphemia Walker.

Form V., Classics—
Margaret Donald.

History of Art:
Eleanor Lowry,
Ruth Gray.

House and Special Prizes.

Senior Tennis Singles—Jeanne McKiggan.

Senior Tennis Doubles—Jeanne McKiggan and Margaret Aitken.

Junior Tennis Singles—Eleanor Lyle.

Junior Tennis Doubles — Margaret Eaton and Ruth Hamilton.

Senior Sports' Championship—Eleanor Cutcliffe.

Junior Sports' Championship—Vera Dunlop.

Sportsmanship—Margaret Aitken.

Courtesy—Wynifred Burgess, Catherine McBurney, Lucile Robinson.

Neatness.

Constance Innes, Catherine McBurney, Frances McDiarmid, Lucile Robinson.

French House Prizes.

Proficiency—Eleanor Lowry.

Progress—Jessie Kelly.

Resident Girls' Prizes.

Integrity—Norah Deacon.

Perseverance—Marion Henderson.

School Spirit—Margery Watson.

Comradeship—Marion Douglas.

Service—Peggy Turnbull.

Loyalty—Margaret Donald.

Poetry.

Lois Tedman.

Alumnae Prize for English, Form V.
Betty Piersol.

Eleanor Stanbury Memorial Prize.
Isobel Eastcott.

Margaret T. Scott Memorial Prizes for
the Memorization of Scripture.

Catherine McBurney	Katherine Scott
Eleanor Cutcliffe	Marjorie Fraser
Margaret Boyd	Isabel Eastcott
Betty Hees	Marion Henderson
Wynifred Burgess	Helen Barclay
Rosamund Findlay	Isobel Pirie
Eleanor Lowry	Kathryn Tait
Jacqueline Dumaresq	Margaret Riggs
	Helen Marshall

School Medal for Scholarship—Margaret Donald.

Jean Hume Memorial Medal (Scholarship, Influence, Athletics) — Margery Watson.

Branksome Alumnae



VERY enjoyable dinner at the School, at which Miss Read entertained the members, marked the eighteenth annual meeting of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association on June 16th, 1926.

Over two hundred members were present at the dinner, which was followed by a dance in the gymnasium.

The annual business meeting was held after the dinner. The Secretary's report was read by Phyllis Hollinrake, the Treasurer's report by Helen Rutherford, the Treasurer of the Building Fund by Mary Barker for Annabel Auld. These were followed by an address by the President, Jean Morton, in which she touched on necessary funds and made an appeal for greater co-operation on the part of the members of the Alumnae. A discussion of Alumnae aims followed. The meeting closed with a pleasant tribute to Miss Read made by Dora Thompson in a clever speech.

The following officers were elected for the year 1926-27:—

Hon. President—Miss Read.

President—Elizabeth Scott.

1st Vice-President—Janet Gibson.

2nd Vice-President—Dorothy Stafford.

Secretary—Jessie Wright.

Treasurer—Helen Rutherford.

Treasurer of Building Fund—Annabel Auld.

Slogan Representative—Ainslie McMichael.

Committee — Jean Morton, Mary Barker, Lenore Gooderham, Isobel Ross, Margery Watson, Helen Wright, Mary Hanna Hall.

The first meeting in the autumn took the form of a basketball match at School, the Alumnae playing the Present Girls. A large number of members turned out for the game and, ably led by Lenore Gooderham, gave vociferous support to the team. The game ended in our fa-

vour 23—19, but play was extended five minutes, the score at the end of the game being 19—19. Those who played for the Alumnae were Margaret Aitken, Marion Ainslie, Margery Watson, Helen Home, Ruth Gray and Jessie Wright.

Our second meeting was the annual sale of Christmas cards. During the afternoon several very enjoyable plays were given by the Junior School, and tea was served by members of the Executive.

A most successful theatre night was held at the Empire Theatre on February 28th. The play, "Tons of Money," was highly amusing and greatly enjoyed by every one present.

On April 23rd Miss Read entertained the members of the Committee and representatives of the Alumnae Association of the Bishop Strachan School, Glen Mawr, Havergal, Moulton and St. Margaret's at luncheon. We were very interested to meet these members of other Associations and to hear of their activities.

JESSIE WRIGHT, '25, Secretary.

Alumnae Treasurer's Report.

Receipts—

Balance on Hand	\$70.13
Fees, 1925-26	11.50
Fees, 1926-27	107.00
Interest on Account	6.60
Proceeds from Alumnae Meetings	25.52

Total \$220.75

Expenditures—

Expenses	36.70
Building Fund Treasurer, for Bonds	150.00

Total \$186.70

Balance on Hand 34.05

Alumnae Building Fund Treasurer's Report.

Receipts—

Balance on Hand	\$60.46
Bank Interest	5.91
Christmas Sale	179.91
Theatre Night	524.70
Life Memberships	120.00
Interest on Bonds	36.00
From Alumnae Treasurer for Bonds	150.00

Total on Hand \$1,076.98

Gifts to the School

Alumnae Association — Prize for English, Form V.

Alumnae Association — One \$500 bond for Scholarship Fund.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stanbury—Prize for English, Form IV.

Jean McMichael, '11—Prize for Poetry.

Miss Frances H. Grant—Prizes for Mathematics, Form IV.

Eleanor Ross, '24—Prize for Service.

Mary Barker, '23—Prize for Swimming.

Lenore Gooderham, '24—Prize for Swimming.

Mrs. C. R. Lorway—Prize for Sports.

Miss Edith M. Read—Two \$100 bonds for prizes for Mathematics.

Lionel Rawlinson & Sons—Walnut Fire Screen, with School Crest.

Books for Library by author, Dora O. Thompson.



Life Members

Annabel Auld, '09.

Mabel Richardson Bertram, '08.

Jean Fleck Barclay, '11.

Miss Freda Cole.

Ethel Ames Coombs, '07.

Mary Hendrie Cumming, '21.

Mabel Russell Davey, '06.

Muriel Gibson de la Mothe, '08.

Daisy Robertson Gall, '11.

Beverley Grant, '25.

Mary Hanna Hall, '07.

Phyllis Hollinrake, '20.

Jean Ross Mackay, '06.

Margaret Phippen McKee, '23.

Jean Morton, '08.

Florence Puddington, '24.

Phyllis Stephenson, '11.

Dora Thompson, '13.

Margery Watson, '26.

Jessie Wright, '25.



Miss Read spent Easter in Quebec, and saw Dorothy Young Pfeiffer and Stella Cameron Convery.

Ruth Porter sails for Europe in May.

Winifred Burgess, Miriam Walters and Frances Playfair are attending Macdonald Hall, Ste. Anne de Bellevue.

Margaret Kent McKelvey spent the winter in California.

Ruth Bone is to be riding instructress at Camp Wapomeo this summer.

Marjorie Burrill Wood is living at Malta, where her husband is stationed.

Laurette Benjamin Neal is in England for an indefinite stay.

Mary Lawson and Edith Coleman spent March and April in California.

Helen Willoughby is head nurse of one of the operating rooms, Toronto General Hospital.

Helen Goring sailed February 12 for the Mediterranean.

Mollie Kirkland is a shopper in Eaton's.

Marion Hanna is doing research work in the Department of Medicine, Toronto University.

Anna Mae Hees sailed for England in February.

Mary Wilcock is attending Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

Marion Baillie Green is President of

the Toronto Junior League, Norah Marks, Secretary; Jean Ganong, Assistant Secretary; Sylvia Lyon Deyell, Treasurer, and Olga Tough, Social Chairman.

Helen Playfair is studying art at the Technical School.

Phyllis West and Helen Rutherford are taking post graduate work in Dietetics.

Margaret Estabrooks is spending a year in London, England.

Isabelle Sheridan, who is living in California, is one of Mary Pickford's secretaries.

Blanche Simpson spent March and April in Ottawa.

Marjorie Moore Stein is in London, England.

Helen Findlay has a position in her father's office.

Mary Barker is teaching swimming and junior dancing at the school.

Jean and Goldie McLachlan went on a cruise of the West Indies in January.

Millicent Boyd, who graduated from the Wellesley Hospital last June, spent Christmas in Vancouver.

Kathleen Clarke is attending school in France.

Ethel Trees, Marion Kirkpatrick and Nancy Wright were members of a party that toured the West last July.

St. Claire Macdonald won a scholarship for drawing at the Ontario College of Art and also the Rous & Mann first prize for lettering and design.

Annella Minnes graduated from Queen's last June.

Margaret Follett is much interested in C.G.I.T. work and is also taking organ lessons.

Marjorie Macdonnell is on a trip round the world.

Audrey Lavelle graduates this year from the Wellesley Hospital. She is senior nurse in the operating room.

Isabel Thomas Day graduated in medicine last June. She has gone to live in Vancouver.

Carabelle Lusk Sparling, who has been living in London, England, for the last few years, has returned to Toronto, where she will reside in future.

Helen Whaley is a special nurse at Toronto General.

Jean Pirie is at "Les Fougères," Lausanne, where Esther Outerbridge has been for the last two years.

Muriel Munn spent some time in Boston and Toronto this winter, returning to Newfoundland in April.

Jean Hanna Allward has gone to London, England, for an indefinite stay.

Jacqueline Sinclair is teaching in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute.

Lois Adams is taking a post graduate course in children's work at the Dental Dispensary, Rochester, N.Y.

Margaret McQueen Heard wintered in California.

Norah Deacon is taking piano lessons at the school.

Alice Anderson has been appointed medical missionary to Central India.

Bessie Boehm is in the sports shop at Eaton's.

Florence Campbell of Winnipeg has gone to California to live.

Frances Whitman, who is teaching French at Halifax Ladies' College, and is also taking a business course, spent Easter in Toronto.

Margaret Campbell has been studying piano in New York this winter.

Bessie Webster is training as a nurse in the Galt Hospital.

Margaret Phippen McKee returned from England early in April.

Jean McMichael, Annabel Auld and Daisy Robertson Gall spent Easter in Atlantic City.

Margaret McLean spent the winter in Ottawa.

Margaret MacLennan Smythe won a first prize in a recent dressmaking competition.

Edith Burchell Southam, who is living in Montreal, spent Christmas in Halifax.

Kathleen Wilson visited Marjorie Jones in New York and spent some time in Dayton, Ohio, before returning home.

Isabelle Eastcott graduated recently from business college, winning the gold medal.

Eleanor Whitman Rathkins, who has been living in Brighton, England, has moved to Toronto.

Margaret Donald is studying art at the Central Technical.

Isabel Bryce has a position in J. J. Gibbons Advertising, Ltd.

Phyllis Hollinrake, who played a harp solo at the Branksome Hall Christmas carol service, was in Philadelphia in January.

Juanita Trapp entered Sick Children's Hospital in January to complete Dietetics Course.

Esther de Beauregard and Florence Fraser graduate from Varsity this year.

Mary Rowell represented the Student Christian Movement of Canada last summer at conferences held in England, Jugo Slavia and Denmark. She spent the winter in England at the Training College of the British Y.W.C.A. in Birmingham.

Florence Coatsworth obtained honors and Virginia Beatson passed in the mid-summer A.T.C.M. examinations at Toronto Conservatory.

Irlma Kennedy took the Mediterranean cruise this winter.

Amee Brewin spent Christmas in England.

Miriam Ames is Assistant Director of Visiting Nurse Service with the John Hancock Life Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

Constance Harding replaced head dietician at the Sick Children's Hospital for six weeks.

Margaret Parker spent Easter in Bermuda.

Isabel Ross and Amy Gundy sailed for France in April.

Amy Angstrom Suckling and her partner won the Toronto Skating Club ten-ten-ten competition.

Jean Francis took part in a recent production of "Twelfth Night" at Hart House.

Ruth Stewart went to California in March, returning by the Canadian West in May.

Elsie Pense Molott, who is living in India, will spend the summer in England.

Bessie Stone is attending Varsity.

Joyce Glasgow, who is in Lausanne, spent Easter in the south of France with Sylvia Dilworth.

Kathleen Burrows spent Easter in Victoria.

Elizabeth Scott, who is teaching Domestic Science at the school, spent Easter in New York.

Elinor Bone is on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory.

Peggy Turnbull and Helen Home are in training at the Toronto General.

Mary Tyrrell Dalton, who is living in Kingston, spent last summer in Nova Scotia.

Margaret Morton Lightbourn arrived in Toronto from Bermuda early in May and will spend the summer in Canada.

Katherine Strickland spent the last two weeks in April visiting in Philadelphia.

Bonnie Gray is technician in the Pathological Department, Toronto University.

Marjorie Walker graduated April 28 from St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

Janet Gibson, who graduated from Varsity last year in the General Course, is now attending Osgoode Hall.

Meredith White graduates this year from Acadia.

Alison King spent some time in New York and Ottawa this winter.

Kathleen Tait graduated this spring from the Presbyterian Hospital, New York City.

Jean and Gladys Rankin spent the winter in Florida.

Ruth Goulding, who is at school in France, spent Easter in Jerusalem.

Lucy Hunter, Dorothy Thomas and Elizabeth Ramsay are going to Europe with the University Tour.

Patricia Walker has a position with Delysia.

Dorothy Harding and Katherine Anderson graduate this year from Varsity in the General Course.

Eileen Odevaine will spend the summer in Europe.

Shirley Stewart spent the winter cruising in the West Indies.

Nadine Angstrom has a position in the Girls' Collegiate School, Glendora, Calif.

Viola Cameron is on the staff of the Montreal Star.

Mary Fraser is dietician in a New Jersey hospital.

Edith Brown has been taking the Dental Assistant's Course at the Dental College, Toronto.

Helen Walton is taking post graduate work at the University. She spent Easter in New York.

Ruth McRoberts Pickard and her three children, who are living in Detroit, spent some weeks in Weyburn, Sask., this spring.

Evelyn Darling spent last summer abroad.

Ruth Gray is attending the Margaret Eaton School.

Jean Maxwell has a position in a Toronto office.

Eleanor Ross is President of her year at Varsity.

Drina Donald is in first year Occupational Therapy, Toronto University.

Elizabeth Cuddy, Euphemia Walker, Kathleen Gillies and Margery Watson are in the first year General Course at Varsity. Margery is Vice-President of her year.

Helen Coatsworth is taking post graduate work leading to a M.A. degree.

Norah Parkes was one of the nurses on a C.P.R. boat taking the world cruise this winter.

Mary Duff spent last summer abroad.

Ruth Henderson spent two months in Edmonton this winter.

Kathleen Ryan returned to Winnipeg in April after wintering in California.

Marion Coote is attending the Vancouver Art School.

Lucile Robinson and Jeanne McKigan are studying piano at the Toronto Conservatory.

Beverley Grant, Sterling Westland and Marion Ainslie are in the graduating class of the Margaret Eaton School. Marion has accepted a position in a school in Overton, Penn.

The following members of the Alumnae visited the school during the past

year:—Bessie Storey Cole, Reda Fullerton Barker, Jean Ferguson Morine, Evelyn MacKay, Helen Marshall, Muriel Munn, Frances Whitman, Margaret Campbell, Kathleen Wilson.

Lulu Colquhoun Bray is in charge of the Bureau for the Feeble Minded for San Francisco County.

Elizabeth Mackenzie is visiting in California.

A branch of the B.H.A.A. was started in Montreal this winter. The first meeting was a most enthusiastic one. It took the form of a luncheon held at the Windsor Hotel November 17, which Miss Read attended. The following were present:—Mrs. Grant Campbell (Miss Field), Miss Blanchard, Miss Shand, Jean Fleck Barclay, Florence Drury Boucher, Viola Cameron, who was appointed Alumnae Representative, Alice Reid Carley, Sybil Croll, Marion Douglas, Madeline DuBlois, Eileen Norcross Mapes, Margaret Walton Meyer, Eleanor MacKay, Gladys Lee Reade, Kathleen Chipman Runciman, Dorothy Leishman Rolph, Dorothy Norrie Searle, Mary Martin Small, Edith Burchell Southam, Margaret Smythe, Marjorie Gordon Smith.



Births

1926.

- Isabel Stephenson Wynkie, a daughter, Elizabeth, April 30th.
 Janet Bristol Maunder, a son, John Franklin Bristol, May 13th.
 Dorothy Young Pfeiffer, a son, Gordon Matheson, May 13th.
 Gladys Simpson Brown, a daughter, May 18th.
 Joan Stewart Bate, twin sons, Derrick and David, May 25th.
 Marjorie Becker Smith, a daughter, May 29th.
 Ruth McRoberts Pickard, a daughter, Barbara Anne, May 31st.
 Jean McTavish Van Wyck, a daughter, June 4th.
 Ray Gordon O'Reilly, a daughter, July 8th.
 Beatrice Morang McLaughlin, a son, July 11th.
 Marion Medland Dow, a daughter, Lorna Jane, July 15th.
 Lorna McLean Sheard, a son, July 22nd.
 Leota Myers Graham, a daughter, July 28th.
 Jean Maclaren Jaspersen, a son, Frederick Ben, July 30th.
 Ruth McCormack Brown, a daughter, Barbara, July.
 Muriel Scholfield Grant, a son, July 30th.
 Minetta Bradshaw Firstbrook, a son, Aug. 4th.
 Margaret Morton Lightbourn, a son, Aug. 6th.
 Mary Ponton Armitage, a son, John Douglas, Aug. 26th.
 Audrey Morine Garrett, a daughter, Allison, Sept. 18th.
 Margaret McQueen Heard, a daughter, Sept. 21st.
 Margaret Lawson Early, a daughter, Margaret Jane, Oct. 7th.
 Jean Southam Peters, a daughter, Paula Jean, Oct. 9th.
 Mary Hendrie Cumming, a daughter, Oct. 19th.
 Ethel Goldstein Bernstein, a son, Oct. 26th.
 Bernice Till Warnock, a son, Nov. 2nd.
 Jessie Winchester Moore, a son, Joseph Douglas, Nov. 13th.
 Marguerite Martin Cassels, a son, Nov. 18th.
 Nan Lewis Sweetser, a daughter, Nov. 25th.
 Frances Mulock Johnston, a son, Nov. 30th.
 Virginia Outerbridge Cooper, a daughter, Cynthia Marion, Dec. 3rd.
 Marion Gibson Rowlandson, a daughter, Daphne Grace, Dec. 9th.
 Pauline Stanbury Woodworth, a son, Dec. 13th.
 Constance Watkins Rees, a daughter, Jane Ann, Dec. 21st.
 1927.
 Isobel Watt Osbourne, a daughter, Jan. 2nd.
 Dorothy Warren O'Hara, a son, Jan. 2nd.
 Marion Baillie Green, a daughter, Jan. 4th.
 Irene Goldstein Samuel, a son, Jan. 12th.
 Katie Maclaren Irwin, a son, Jan. 15th.
 Florence Kingsley Bastow, a daughter, Jan. 18th.
 Stella Cameron Convery, a daughter, Jan. 19th.
 Lillas Ralston Hawke, a son, Feb. 9th.
 Aileen Calvert Davies, a daughter, Eleanor Elizabeth, Feb. 14th.
 Marion O'Hara Crysdale, a son, Feb. 17th.
 Dorothy Leeming LeCorbeiller, a son, Leeming, Feb. 18th.
 Marjorie Reid Jackson, a daughter, March 10th.
 Bernice Jephcott Sanderson, a son, March 29th.
 Alexander Lee Dagg, a daughter, March.
 Eileen Carpenter Phippen, a son, March 29th.
 Mary Hanna Hall, a daughter, Mary Jean, April 1st.
 Winnifred Gray Goodeve, a daughter, Margaret Elaine, April 16th.
 Ethel Cook Walkey, a daughter, May 3rd.
 Rita Bristol Foster, a son, May 3rd.
 Margaret Binns Parker, a son, April 26th.

Marriages

1926.

- Mary McCormack to Dr. Joseph William Draper, April 19th.
 Margaret Binns to Mr. Frank Parker, May 2nd.
 Marjorie Reid to Mr. Kenneth B. Jackson, May 26th.
 Betty Fraser to Mr. Eugene Hume Burton, June 1st.
 Edith Burchell to Mr. Richard Southam, June 2nd.
 Eleanor Sproatt to Dr. David W. Pratt, June 19th.
 Myrtle Evans to Mr. Lewis W. Lawson, June 26th.
 Laurette Benjamin to Mr. Arthur L. Neal, Aug. 2nd.

Rosalind Morley to Mr. Ewen MacEwen,
Aug. 4th.
Marjorie Moore to Capt. C. R. S. Stein,
Aug. 23rd.
Frances Kilvert to Mr. Douglas Munro,
Aug. 28th.
Evelyn Smith to Capt. John B. Conroy,
Sept. 3rd.
Mary Morwood to Mr. Duncan D. Milloy,
Sept. 4th.
Florence Verity to Mr. Reginald V. Eliott,
Sept. 6th.
Isobel Temple to Mr. Chas. Wilfred Somers,
Sept. 11th.
Jean Ferguson to Mr. Laurie A. Morine,
Sept. 11th.
Kathleen Lewis to Mr. Henry M. Dennehy,
Sept. 16th.
Marjorie Hattie to Mr. Chas. W. Moffatt,
Sept. 23rd.
Erie Sheppard to Mr. John Catto, Oct. 2nd.
Jean Welsh to Mr. Chester N. Weldon,
Oct. 4th.
Alice Livingstone to Mr. Lyle W. Kidd,
Oct. 6th.
Eleanor Ard to Mr. Douglas A. Darrock,
Oct. 9th.
Ruth Bothwell to Dr. Elgin Wansborough,
Oct. 16th.

Marie Carpenter to Mr. Donald G. Ross,
Oct. 23rd.
Marjorie Gordon to Mr. E. Gerald Smith,
Nov. 2nd.
Alice Bryce to Dr. Augustus R. Felty,
Dec. 1st.
Muriel Moore to Dr. Lawrence A. Bragg,
Dec. 27th.
Henrietta Loft to Mr. Fletcher Waldron,
Dec.

1927.

Jean McKay to Mr. John Beattie, January.
Phyllis Wickstead to Mr. Walter Ellis,
Feb. 12th.
Marjorie Bone to Mr. J. Pearse Walwyn,
April 26th.

IN MEMORIAM.

Grizel Gow, June 20th, 1926.
Margaret Pyke, September 13th, 1926.
Maud Kern, September 15th, 1926.
Leonie Armstrong Meakes, January 10th, 1927.

Wilbur Morton, son of Margaret Morton Lightbourn, Nov. 4th, 1926.
Bertram Mulock, son of Frances Mulock Johnston, Feb. 23rd, 1927.



BRANKSOME HALL :: :: ::

Still Making Progress

THE EARMARKS OF PROGRESS are very much in evidence at Branksome Hall, that great School of Learning for Girls of this Dominion of Canada. Its fame has spread far and wide from the marked ability of its graduates. Miss Read, the Principal, has ever in mind that, in addition to scholastic attainments of her school, the leaven of outdoor and indoor sport is an absolute necessity for the development, so that the Health of Body as well as Breadth of Mind can go hand in hand as part of the training at this Hall of Learning.

There has been built this year a magnificent building on the School Grounds for the teaching of healthful exercise indoors, in addition to the Playgrounds outdoors.

This School emphasizes the spirit of Canada, in that we cannot stand still; we must go on, and in developing the human element as well as the natural resources of this country, Miss Read, as Principal, has shown this spirit.

We are all Where we are by What we are, and nothing can help any of us, half as much as trying hard to help ourselves. Success is an individual affair. Producing, Earning and Saving will bring contentment.

THE WALKER HOUSE, "The House of Plenty," has been the home of the parents of many of the girls attending our Halls of Learning. The management of the Walker House is ever alert and watchful for the comforts of Ladies and Kiddies, and endeavors at all times to preserve an atmosphere as near the home atmosphere as it is possible for a commercial institution to handle.

THE WALKER HOUSE CAFETERIA is open day and night for the convenience of travellers coming to and going from our City.

PROPRIETORS:

GEO. WRIGHT and E. M. CARROLL



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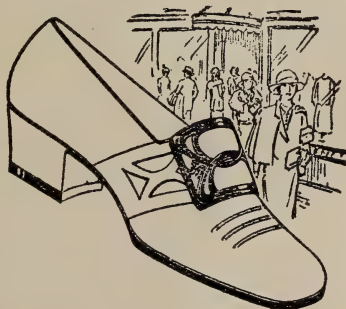


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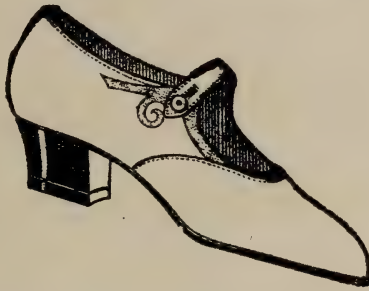
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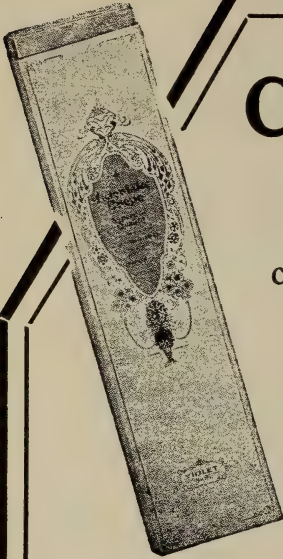
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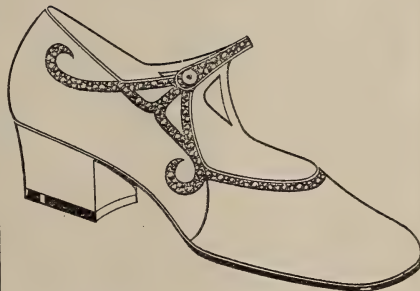
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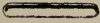
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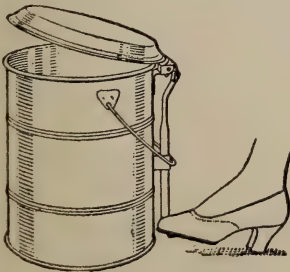
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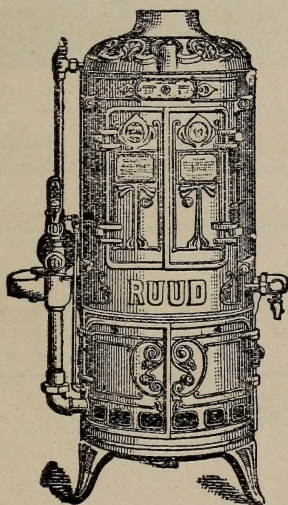
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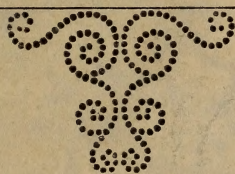
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Summer Frocks

For Parties—delightful Frocks—all fluffy and frilly, in georgette or crepe de chine. So many pretty styles in so many delicate blossom colors—pinks, yellows, white, blue, sand. For little girls 8 to 14 years. At \$15 to \$30.

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For Hot Afternoons—sheer little voile Dresses are cool and dainty. In snowy white or delicate flower colors. Sizes 8 to 14 years. At \$3.95 to \$5.95.

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